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Things in General

MR. WHITNEY has not surprised his political opponents in choosing his Cabinet colleagues, nor has he made a selection that can inspire his friends with much enthusiasm. The Cabinet has been formed on a policy dictated by rather cheap politics rather than by statesmanlike judgment which was desired, but scarcely expected. It seems clear that the large majority of the new Premier in the House has proven to be somewhat of a handicap in forming a Ministry. Everyone was looking for a job, consequently as many rival interests as possible had to be satisfied or at least pacified. Geography, religion and years of party service crowded ability into a position of secondary importance in influencing Mr. Whitney's choice. Toronto is represented in the Cabinet by two members, and Hamilton and London by one each. This makes the important cities solid. The other members are hand-picked from various parts of the province, wherever a member of the House has a large majority, representing some sensitive religious sect or has a long record of party service to his credit. Mr. Foy's appointment has been almost a certainty ever since the Conservative party was admitted to have a chance of obtaining power. The selection of Colonel Matheson, W. J. Hanna, and Dr. Willoughby was also expected. The real surprises, for a great many people at least, were the ignorance of Dr. Nesbitt and the appointment of Dr. Reaume. Of course those who have an intimate knowledge of the relations existing between Mr. Whitney and his more prominent supporters, have for long been aware that a love was extravagantly wasted between Dr. Nesbitt and his leader, but few believed that Dr. Nesbitt's ability and great services to the party would be ignored. Dr. Reaume's only claims to preferment are to be found in his religion—Roman Catholic—and in his nationality—French Canadian. Why these undoubted advantages should qualify him for the portfolio of Public Works does not appear, but those who remember the sudden and unusual paralysis of the vocal organs with which Mr. Whitney was stricken when the Sturgeon Falls Separate school graft was worked with the assistance of the Legislature last spring, will not consider Dr. Reaume's appointment any cause for surprise. Even with a majority of forty-two at his back, Mr. Whitney could not scrape together enough courage to risk offending the favored sect. With such a Premier, how can Ontario feel any assurance that the province will not continue to be bedeviled by the aggressions of the Hierarchy? Why should the fact that a man happens to be a Roman Catholic, an Anglican, a Methodist, a Presbyterian or a Mormon single him out for appointment to a place in a Government which is supposed to be a body of business men highly qualified to conduct the affairs of the province in a business-like manner. Yet religion evidently played an important part in Mr. Whitney's choice of colleagues. According to the *News*, the religious complexion of the Cabinet is well divided between Anglicans, Methodists, Presbyterians and Roman Catholics. Mr. Whitney should have worked in a Baptist or two, a Unitarian, a Jew and a Christian Scientist. In this way he could have made his policy consistent throughout and would have been sure to please everyone all along the line. What is needed in Queen's Park is not a collection of religious types, but a body of competent administrators selected on their merits and not because they happen to hold certain religious views. In spite of the careful hand-picking methods adopted by Mr. Whitney in choosing his Cabinet, and in spite of his politic but unstatesmanlike avoidance of any cause for offence on the part of any sect, he seems to have succeeded in getting together a crowd that doesn't give much promise of brilliancy. It is hoped and predicted by Mr. Whitney's friends that he and his Cabinet will grow to proper dimensions under the weight of official responsibilities. Well, Premier and colleagues can all grow a good deal without becoming supernormal.

THIS first session of the Senate Committee appointed to investigate existing conditions at Toronto University opens to-day (Saturday) at Osgoode Hall, and on the method of procedure adopted at this session depends the result of the whole investigation. If the investigation is not to be a real investigation, but a trial in which certain persons—who have put forth the claim that matters are not in a healthy condition at the University, and that certain professors misuse their powers to the advantage of certain students and the disadvantage of others—will be called upon to play the part of plaintiff, while the professors appear as defendants to deny the charges, no good purpose will be served by the whole painful uproar. In fact, in case such a course is adopted, it is almost certain that harm will be done by giving the public the impression that everything has been examined and found all right. If, on the other hand, the members of the Committee regard the charges so far made public as merely incidents in a disorganized campaign of criticism, which has for long been growing more direct and formidable, and set themselves the task of locating the causes which could give reason for such dissatisfaction on the part of undergraduates, graduates and friends of the institution, there is every reason to hope that the atmosphere will be effectively cleared and the causes of the complaints be either removed or clearly shown not to exist. It is almost inconceivable that everything connected with the running of the University is perfect at a time when expressions of dissatisfaction come from so many quarters. It is impossible to believe that the criticisms are the result of any conspiracy against one or more officials when the critics are so widely separated by years, space and interests. An examination of these facts should make clear to the Committee the importance of avoiding the adoption of any course which would confine their investigations to any specific charges. In the notices of the meeting of the Committee which have been given to the public, all persons having knowledge which might be of use in the investigation are "requested" to come forward and declare themselves. To me this seems a particularly unpromising way to collect evidence. Many of those whose evidence would be of great importance would find it extremely inconvenient to come to Toronto and tell what they know. It would take an abnormal sense of duty to the University to prompt them to comply with such a request. Some of those whose evidence would prove invaluable practically owe their means of livelihood to some of the persons who might suffer in case the investigation reveals conditions which are said to exist. But by far the greatest number of witnesses will be drawn from the student body. Is it fair to expect these young men and women to come forward voluntarily and give evidence against their professors, the gentlemen who mark their examination papers and, it is claimed, award certain scholarships sometimes according to their likes and dislikes? It would take a very heroic student, I think, to comply with the Committee's request under such circumstances. The professor, too, who would voluntarily step into the witness-box and give evidence which might prove damaging to his most intimate friends and colleagues, would have to possess personal courage and a sense of right not common since the days of the saints and martyrs. The task of the Committee is no doubt unpleasant, as the Star pointed out the other day, the members of the body being also Senators of the institution; the mismanagement of which they are asked to reveal; but as three of the members are judges and one a lawyer who could be a judge any day he would say the word, it is safe to assume they are so used to unpleasant tasks that the present investigation will not stem extraordinary. The integrity of all is too well known to permit the slightest suspicion that their responsibilities will in any way be shirked. The only danger which seems to exist rests in the defects in the system of procuring evidence, which I have already pointed out, and in the possibility that

the members of the Committee, not being in touch with the students and graduates, are not familiar with the sentiment which prevails amongst them, while at the same time they are more or less in touch with the professorial staff and consequently are not unlikely to underestimate the importance of the agitation which has finally led to their appointment. The only way in which the investigation can ever be made to result satisfactorily is to have it conducted on the broadest lines, to have the witnesses summoned to appear, to have the rival interests represented by competent counsel, and the evidence presented in regular and cohesive form. If it is conducted on the free-and-easy, happy-go-lucky plan which some of those interested in it have predicted in private conversation that I have had with them, little evidence of value will be presented, nothing will be discovered, the Committee will necessarily arrive at the decision that nothing is wrong—and there will be those who will call it a whitewash.

A MONTREAL priest says the Pope insists on having separate schools in the new provinces or provinces about to be created in the North-West Territories. The Dominion of Canada must take notice that the Pope insists on having these schools in our country—so what are we going to do about it? This is the natural result of crawling to the Hierarchy whenever it has made a demand. The Roman Church has become so used to getting anything it asked for that the Pope, I suppose, has come to hold the view that he actually has a right to dictate to a Canadian Government. It isn't a pleasant thing to have to admit that imperious dictation of this kind goes down with us, but it is an unfortunate fact that seldom in the history of this country has a demand of the Hierarchy been refused. If signs are of any value, it seems clear this latest demand will also be granted. The Government organs all over the country are continually working the people up to the point where they will

the standard of education such as to justify their receiving Government support to the disadvantage of Public schools. The Separate school, wherever it exists, is essentially a church school—primarily a religious institution and secondarily an educational institution. By what "right," then, does it receive Government support? By no right whatever, but by a consistent and persistent system of bullying legislative bodies into discriminating unfairly in favor of one religion at the expense of all others. The special privileges granted to the Roman Catholic Church at various times in the history of this country are to be regarded as so many bribes to secure the good will of this religio-political organization in elections. There isn't an advocate of Separate schools who can put forward any good reason why if the Roman Church is to receive Government support, other churches should be denied the same favors. It is persistent and organized aggression which has obtained for the Hierarchy the "rights" which they now enjoy at the expense of the whole country—and these "rights" by no means satisfy them. They are not contented with what they have in Ontario. Is it reasonable to suppose they will be satisfied with existing conditions in the North-West, where they have considerably less than they have here? When the North-West autonomy bill comes up in the House the mouthpieces of the Hierarchy may confidently be expected to put up a tremendous howl for almost unlimited privileges, and then with seeming reluctance consent to accept the re-enactment of the present provisions. Such tactics should deceive no one; all this common talk about the "rights" of the minority should be treated with ridicule; all the gloomy predictions about the direful consequences of interfering with domestic affairs and breaking up a happy home is unworthy of a moment's consideration. These are all old campaign devices and clichés which the political element running the Roman Catholic Church has employed for generations. One thing only should be borne clearly in mind by the people, who must

a popular feeling throughout the country that the legislative business of the Province should be disposed of in a three months' session annually. Mr. St. John, with a field like the Crown Lands to wander in, would not get out of the woods until spring opened up and he came down with the drives of the log-rollers of the undeveloped parts of this great province. Mr. St. John would have enjoyed his oratorical wanderings, but Mr. Whitney has assured the people that he has a progressive policy, and he couldn't afford to have the attention of that part of the world interested in provincial affairs directed to a stalwart figure surrounded by pyramids of blue books standing picturesquely day after day and night after night perched on oratorical peaks of the Laurentian Range. The business of the province had to go on, and Mr. St. John will be made Speaker. And still Hon. Mr. Whitney is accused of not having a sense of humor.

THE *Globe* accuses the *Mail and Empire* of continuing to harp on the Napance liquor case, and takes advantage of the subject being resurrected to do a little harping of its own. In attempting to justify the conduct of the magistrate in the case, who insisted on hearing the full particulars after the accused had admitted the charge, the *Globe* asserts that "what occurred at Napance was a regular and usual proceeding." The proceeding was most unusual, as everyone knows. It seems clear that the course followed by the magistrate was calculated to bring to light facts which, it was hoped, would prove damaging to the Conservative leader in the then approaching elections. If this was not the case, the magistrate's conduct was at least unfortunate, being so readily attributed to partizan feeling.

LAST Saturday night a commercial traveler committed suicide in his room at a Toronto hotel because he had been made despondent by the threatening predictions contained in letters from a firm of Chicago fakirs who professed to read his fate in the stars. This firm has been advertising in various Toronto newspapers, which publish this form of advertising because it pays—although the managers and editors of the "respectable" dailies are aware that the advertisers are a set of swindlers—and doubtless a very great number of people have been done out of sums of money running from one dollar up to twenty-five dollars or even more. Fortune-telling is generally believed to be an offence against the law, and every little while some miserable woman is haled before a magistrate and subjected to a fine for undertaking to solve mysteries which are beyond human powers of solution—yet representative and pretentious moral papers in Toronto give publicity to fraudulent undertakings proposed by gangs of Yankee fakirs, to do the same things that our own people are fined or sent to jail for attempting to do. The plan on which the Chicago people—who are morally responsible for the death of this man—work is this: Through their advertisements in the daily press they undertake to cast your horoscope free, provided you will send ten cents to cover postal charges. On receipt of a victim's letter a document half-covered with the signs of the zodiac and containing mysterious, vague, but usually threatening predictions, is sent out, accompanied by a letter containing a promise that the firm will send a really reliable set of predictions, covering the entire past and future, provided the victim will send them twenty-five dollars for a course of medical treatment for some dangerous disease from which he is assured he is suffering. If the twenty-five is not forthcoming another letter is sent, and another, and another, each letter containing an offer to accept less for the medical outfit and set of predictions than that which was asked in the preceding one. The letters contain threats of all sorts of physical and mental afflictions which will assuredly overtake one if the medicines referred to are not ordered. It is not difficult to imagine the effect such communications of this nature would have on the mind of a sickly or nervous person—such a man as committed suicide last week. Unfortunately there is no way of suppressing a foreign firm of swindlers, but Canadian papers which publish the advertisements of such people should be held responsible for making themselves parties to fraud. The same may be said of the sensational advertisements of quack "doctors" which appear daily in our newspapers. Great numbers of the credulous part of our population are constantly being not only robbed, but poisoned, by the quack "remedies" which are poured into the country—with the assistance of the daily press—from almost every part of the United States. In the last Dominion Parliament there was talk of a law to control the worst forms of such advertising—but the business goes merrily on, our local editors marching hand in hand with monumental quacks. Meanwhile the Lord's Day Alliance chases Sunday street cars, denounces the immorality of Sunday sales of postage-stamps and soda water, and the W.C.T.U. and the Reform Association stab cigarette butts savagely with their walking-sticks and parasols and carefully cut pistols out of theatrical posters!

A REPORT that Lord Rothschild is negotiating with the Canadian immigration authorities with the object of establishing a great Jewish colony in Manitoba or the North-West Territories, was cabled from London the other day. This is just the kind of scheme that the Dominion Government should promptly refuse to consider. The objection to the plan does not depend on the nationality of the proposed immigrants, but the idea of a colony made up of any one race settled in our midst is directly opposed to all our hopes of some day making a great and united nation of this Dominion. If unobjectionable Scotch, Irish, English, French, Jews or people of other nationalities desire to come to Canada, they will find themselves welcome, but under no circumstances should they be encouraged to form little nations within a nation. This is a matter on which the Dominion Government should take a firm stand. Already the West is becoming cut up into half a hundred "Little Russias," "Little Polands," "Little Swedens," "Little Austria," and the Lord only knows what not. Unless the country is to be carved into another Europe the policy which encourages such a condition must be abandoned and a really national policy adopted in its place.

THE Municipal Reform Association had a meeting one day last week, and if the published reports of their proceedings are correct the members succeeded in wasting a good deal of time which doesn't seem to be very valuable, and obtained a little publicity—which seems to be desired. The subjects discussed no doubt interested the members very deeply, for concerning most of them they know little or nothing. The good old cigarette came in for its usual round of abuse and threatened extermination, but the drama gave it a close run for first place in the discussion. Rev. Dr. Speer came modestly to the front as an expert on both the coffin nail and the theater. It seems that some cigarette dealer had succeeded in getting hold of Dr. Speer at some time before the meeting and filling him up with some story—but the cigarette habit fastening itself on not only the boys of the city, but on the girls as well. That set the meeting going and the inevitable result was a committee to "look into the best way of dealing with the problem." For the last twenty or thirty years the cigarette habit has been getting hold of the boys and girls of the city. Doesn't it seem a little strange that the present generation of young men and women should be such a sturdy-looking lot, in view of the fact that they have been cigarette "victims" for so long a time? As a matter of fact, what do the gentlemen of this association know concerning cigarettes, anyway? They have probably heard the W.C.T.U. pronounce them "injurious," "pernicious," "disgusting," "nasty," and some other things that don't make them sound appetizing, and have jumped to the conclusion that the W.C.T.U. knew what it was talking about—which seems to be taking a good deal on faith. It is very likely



A PASSING EVENT.
Exit Ross—Enter Whitney.

be asked to swallow the North-West Separate school legislation about to come before the Dominion House, without losing their parliamentary representatives responsible for the stand they take on this great question when the bill comes before the House, and that is: There is no State church in this country. Technically all religious bodies are on an equal footing. If one church is given privileges at the expense of the others, the representatives of the people in Parliament are guilty of an improper use of their authority and of an offence against the spirit of our constitution which is supposed to guarantee that the affairs of Canada shall be conducted according to democratic principles. In reality, we are running far off democratic lines. To be born in the Roman Church is to be born with special privileges—although those special privileges are not desired by the Roman Catholic people, but are forced upon them by their clerical rulers. The Roman Church itself is not regarded as a State institution, but the annex to it—the Separate school—is recognized as such and enjoys the same privileges as the regular Government establishments. In this autonomy legislation is to be found the opportunity to settle this great question of the relations of Church and State for all time. As Mr. Goldwin Smith says in the current issue of the *Weekly Sun*, "Let anyone who is up to the mark move a resolution that, saving denominational rights specifically reserved by the British North America Act, the entire separation of the Church from the State, and the perfect equality of all religious denominations before the law, are fundamental principles of this commonwealth. Such a resolution, if it could be carried, would morally settle Separate school questions for the future. The principle was virtually affirmed in the secularization of the Clergy Reserves. But it was not distinctly embodied in our constitution. Any one who could now succeed in placing it beyond dispute would render the commonwealth a service not likely to be forgotten."

If in the legislation creating new provinces in the North-West, the existing regulation providing for Separate schools be not re-enacted, we are told that it will be an unwarranted interference with the "rights" of the Catholic minority. We are also assured that the present regulations are such as insure a satisfactory form of education and harmonious relations amongst the people of the Territories, and we are asked why the Dominion Government should interfere and produce friction and sectarian strife. I have been repeatedly assured by principals of High schools and other gentlemen occupying positions which give them a right to speak authoritatively on the subject, that in no Roman Catholic Separate school is

held their parliamentary representatives responsible for the stand they take on this great question when the bill comes before the House, and that is: There is no State church in this country. Technically all religious bodies are on an equal footing. If one church is given privileges at the expense of the others, the representatives of the people in Parliament are guilty of an improper use of their authority and of an offence against the spirit of our constitution which is supposed to guarantee that the affairs of Canada shall be conducted according to democratic principles. In reality, we are running far off democratic lines. To be born in the Roman Church is to be born with special privileges—although those special privileges are not desired by the Roman Catholic people, but are forced upon them by their clerical rulers. The Roman Church itself is not regarded as a State institution, but the annex to it—the Separate school—is recognized as such and enjoys the same privileges as the regular Government establishments. In this autonomy legislation is to be found the opportunity to settle this great question of the relations of Church and State for all time. As Mr. Goldwin Smith says in the current issue of the *Weekly Sun*, "Let anyone who is up to the mark move a resolution that, saving denominational rights specifically reserved by the British North America Act, the entire separation of the Church from the State, and the perfect equality of all religious denominations before the law, are fundamental principles of this commonwealth. Such a resolution, if it could be carried, would morally settle Separate school questions for the future. The principle was virtually affirmed in the secularization of the Clergy Reserves. But it was not distinctly embodied in our constitution. Any one who could now succeed in placing it beyond dispute would render the commonwealth a service not likely to be forgotten."

M R. J. W. ST. JOHN, M.P.P. for West York, is named as the Speaker of the new Ontario Legislature. Mr. Whitney is displaying the wisdom of the serpent. With the contradictoriness that the English language sometimes displays in nomenclature through the changes of time, the Speaker of a British Parliament is the one of all its members who can constitutionally do the least speaking. And Mr. St. John had to be given a position that showed appreciation of his undoubted hard work on behalf of his party, and also an appreciation of his voice. But imagine Mr. St. John with the Department of Crown Lands and complaints against prolonged sessions becoming more and more acute year by year. Conceive of the licensed authority that Mr. St. John, with the Department of Crown Lands, would have to wander oratorically through the wild woods of New Ontario, its limits not being even marked by the surveyor and the engineer, and

that cigarette smoking by children is not good for the health, but neither is pipe smoking, cigar smoking, whisky drinking, and some other pastimes in which mature people may indulge in moderation with impunity. If people are unable to control their children, it is unfortunate—and perhaps the Reform Association might find useful employment in instructing these weak parents in the art of properly raising children—but to say that laws should be passed prohibiting the manufacture or use by anyone of the things which may prove unsuitable for unmanly youngsters who defy their parents is too absurd to need argument.

But the views of the Association on the use of cigarettes are no less sane than those which Dr. Speer has been expressing concerning the drama. It is true that many thoroughly immoral plays visit Toronto, but they are not the plays which Dr. Speer referred to in his criticisms. If it is true, as he is reported to have claimed in a recent address, that he has made a study of the drama, I should advise him to confine his efforts to some other subject not associated with art. Last Sunday night, according to a report in the daily press, he said the theater was the child of heathenism, born in Greece five hundred years before Christ, and it had the heathen tone in the blood from then till now. How about all other forms of art? Greece seems to have had something to do with most things which we now regard as the flowers of civilization and culture—and our greatest ambition is to get back to the high standard attained by Greece. If the theater is to be denounced because it flourished in "heathen" Greece, literature, philosophy, sculpture, painting and other mediums through which the greatest intellects have revealed themselves should come in for their share of the roast. Of course Dr. Speer should not be taken seriously when he undertakes to talk authoritatively on subjects of which he obviously knows nothing, but his remarks have an interest because they are so characteristic of the manner in which a great many self-appointed censors attempt to show their crude ideas down other people's throats. Sir Henry Irving, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Réjane and Ibsen all came in for denunciation—yet the people who are really disgracing the stage seem to have escaped. It is the greatest who are criticized. Sir Henry Irving is informed that he is "living in that fool's paradise." Mrs. Campbell is mourned over because she has "so fallen as to hitch her horse to a swill cart," but the climax has been reached by Madame Réjane. Referring to the Réjane engagement, this advocate of moral reform is reported to have spoken of "women going there, weeping into scented handkerchiefs, with their mother-of-pearl-handled opera glasses, dropping their tears over the misfortunes of some street drab." Whatever one's opinion of Madame Réjane's plays may be, it is safe to say there is nothing in any of them more thoroughly immoral than that fragment of a sentence. As an offence against good English it is almost criminal, and in its sneer at a woman's honest

tears over the misfortunes of an unhappy sister it smacks of the Pharisee and is heartlessly cruel. One must enjoy a particularly happy state of mind to be able to sneer contemptuously at a fallen woman and to ridicule those who weep over her. One can but envy Dr. Speer his superior state of isolation. As for the theater, it has nothing to fear so long as nothing more serious than this sort of criticism threatens it. If the work of the Reform Association is to be no more intelligently directed in other lines than it is in regard to cigarettes and the drama, there is little of benefit to the city to be expected from it.

CANADIANS are constantly being warned—and very few of them seem to need such warning—that the question of tariff reform in Great Britain is purely a domestic matter for the people of the Mother Country to settle for themselves. While this is in many respects true, inasmuch as the question more directly affects the welfare of Great Britain than it does the welfare of the colonies, there is no doubt that we have a considerable interest in the fate which awaits Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. But in view of the greater importance the whole tariff question has for the Mother Country, we have been content to play a passive part and let the people of Great Britain settle the thing in the way which they think will best please them. Even papers holding strong views on Imperialism have refrained from giving the British politicians unsolicited advice and also from making any unpleasant predictions as to the fate of the Empire should the interests of Canada not be properly protected. We have never had much of a reputation for good form or taste, and perhaps we haven't exactly cornered the market in these particular qualities, but so far as I know we have never been accused of looking a gift horse in the mouth too closely or of demanding that the giver furnish the beast with a new set of false teeth in case its chewing apparatus isn't perfect. England, on the other hand, is supposed to have quite a little corner in refinement and all the proprieties. An Englishman is expected to know what's what, and frequently he doesn't hesitate to let others absorb a little of his knowledge from him—provided credit is duly given. Lately, however, he seems to be developing a manner that might be called provincial. Perhaps we should take it as a compliment, for he may be trying to imitate what he considers colonial manners. But, viewed from this side of the Atlantic, they don't seem very becoming. Take the recent remarks of the English press on the Canadian preference to Great Britain as an example. Perhaps the preference isn't much good; perhaps it hasn't stimulated British trade with Canada; perhaps it isn't nearly so much as we should do for the old land—but in any case it's a gift, and it doesn't make Canadians feel any more liberal to be told by the recipient that the thing is of little or no value whatever. And this is exactly what many responsible English papers are telling us almost daily. Add to these criticisms of what we thought was at least a mark of our esteem the English attitude in relation to the indefensible embargo against our cattle, and grave doubts will arise as to whether England has such a monopoly in good taste as has for so long been supposed.

THE Ottawa City Council has passed a resolution in favor of handing over the government of the city to a Commission. Ottawa is bound to deserve the title of the Washington of the North. The experiment under Canadian conditions will be watched with interest if the resolution is carried into effect. The resolution, however, may not necessarily be evidence that Ottawa is more progressive in municipal reform than other Canadian cities, or has seized with reforming zeal upon a solution of the problem of municipal government that is worrying the cities of this continent. Ottawa, the seat of much government, will be ready for an absolute monarchy as time rolls on. The people are getting moulded that way. What was the phrase that the late Hon. Thomas White used in reply to the appeals and complaints of the people of the North-West, when the Territories were departmentally governed from Ottawa? "Spoon-fed" wasn't it? Municipal government is a bother, anyway. It is difficult enough trying to elect Government supporters in the Dominion and Provincial elections—and even then mistakes are made. Why have municipal elections to increase the worry?

AT a meeting of the Board of Education the other evening Trustee Parkinson horrified the members of the Board by informing them that twenty-five per cent. of the school children appropriated to their own use the coppers their parents give them for collections which are taken up in the schools for charitable purposes. What a heinous offence! But why should the schools be used for the purposes of raising funds even for worthy objects? If this practice is to be continued, there is no telling where it will end. Collections taken up in public institutions always have an atmosphere of blackmail surrounding them. If one person gives something they all feel that they should contribute, whether they can afford to do so, are inclined to do so, or not. If the schools are supposed to be free schools, they should be entirely free—and permitting this collection business to be worked in as a regular thing is not in the public interests. The publicity given to the custom by Trustee Parkinson's weird moral complaint should bring about its discontinuance.

THIS isn't the mosquito season in Canada, but the announcement of a scientific society that there are sixty-seven kinds of mosquitoes in the Island of Ceylon is of anticipatory interest. We have several kinds that are lurking somewhere, waiting for the reviving days of summer to assert themselves. They will arrive on time. The domestic or Canadian mosquito has never been classified. We generally crush him in his infancy and after death he is not a fit subject for classification. All mosquitoes buzz the same to the majority of us, although some experts note the difference between the clairion tones of the Muskoka variety and the voice of the more decorous kind indigenous to Balmy Beach. When the life-giving sun of August sheds its effulgent rays and towards evening's gentle fall the Canadian mosquito makes the widespread Dominion, from ocean to ocean, one sad, sweet song, we are prepared to say that there are at least 1,067 varieties. Ceylon may grow better tea and coffee than we have succeeded in producing, but we can beat that Indian island in wheat and mosquitoes. Only sixty-seven varieties, forsooth! But the same investigating scientific society says it has also discovered 424 different kinds of malarial fever in Ceylon. That seems like an attempt to corner the fever market. We manage to get along nicely with four or five of the common variety such as good old typhoid. We cannot expect to beat the world in everything, productive though our country may be. But I will back a Rocky Mountain "bulldog" or a middle-weight Muskoka "skeeter" against any two of the sixty-seven classes in Ceylon for voice, industry, and clean-cut execution.

A PARTY of five Torontonians, at the end of a long walk, asked at 7:20 last Sunday evening to be given supper at Nurse's Hotel at the Humber, for which they were ready and willing to pay. This was refused by the management—insolently, so the five say. According to the law governing such cases, the hotel management should provide food unless for some valid reason. The question, from a legal standpoint, would turn upon the judicial construction of the phrase "some valid reason." Whether it was a valid reason or not that the hour was 7:20 in the evening, is for a court to decide in an action at law.

An action is said to be about to be entered against the hotel people, and the result will be a matter of interest. Politeness or consideration is a difficult point to be judicially decided upon.

BURIDGE whist is meeting with a very serious rival in the West End of London, who are assisting the Torrey-Alexander mission. Messrs. Torrey and Alexander are United States evangelists who are seeking to convert fashionable England, and the cable informs us that at sewing meetings and afternoon teas, in the public halls and private houses of the West End, these "prayer circles" are in formation. It is always surprising to a Canadian how it is that fashionable London delights in lionizing in some delirious manner some product of the United States, whether it is Buffalo Bill or an "American" girl who does the cake-walk in a London drawing-room. Methods and manners that would be looked upon as impossible of toleration in the English borth are considered as original and clever in the "American." It becomes a fad. One of the reasons that associations of the kind are indulged in indiscriminately with "American" fakirs by some of the

aristocratic class of England is that the intimacy can be readily dropped when the fad dies out, and fashionable England must have sensations. It would be different if the fakir were English-bred with English connections. With a religious upheaval spreading from Wales throughout the United Kingdom, it seems like sending coals to Newcastle to increase the religious fervor that seems to be burning throughout the old land. But the "prayer circles" have already netted Messrs. Torrey and Alexander £12,000. They ask for £17,000. The complaint of the Englishman against the "American" commercial invasion will extend, it may be expected, to the religious side of English life. Twelve thousand pounds in a few weeks would support a considerable number of impoverished vicars in rural England for a considerable length of time.

M. TYRRELL, the well-known engineer and explorer, has given his views on the possibilities of a feasible Hudson Bay route. A man of conservative trend of mind, Mr. Tyrrell, after careful study of the conditions for years and personal observation for several debatable months, delivers his dictum that it is a route available for several months, and would be of enormous advantage to the Canadian West; in fact, to the whole western half of the North American continent. The Hudson Bay route has been advocated for nearly a quarter of a century by both politician and exploiter. Mr. Hugh Sutherland, one of the most successful and sanest inaugurator of business enterprises, and a financier whose value in the money markets of the world is recognized by men such as Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann, devoted several years of his life to promoting a scheme to bring about short water communication between Europe and the Canadian West. A considerable part of a railway was built. The scheme was endorsed by the Manitoba Government and heavily subsidized. The West was heartily in favor of it. Expeditions were sent by the Dominion Government to report on the conditions. The reports are favorable as far as the ordinary reader can judge. The North-West has developed amazingly. Now a gentleman of Mr. Tyrrell's standing assures us that the project is unquestionably feasible. What strikes the ordinary onlooker as to the Hudson Bay route is that in the face of these favorable and sometimes glowing reports, the law of the commercial world does not operate in this particular case. Why does capital not seek investment?

THE tragic death of W. R. Beatty, M.P.P. for Parry Sound for several years, in a fire in a boarding-house in Revelstoke, British Columbia, the other day, is one of those inexplicable things that bring us face to face with the fact that we know little of one another in our daily associations. Mr. Beatty, in the full vigor of manhood, accustomed as a surveyor, engineer and lumberman to strange and unexpected situations that called for the ceaseless exercise of presence of mind and resourcefulness in order to follow his calling and even to preserve life, was burned to death under circumstances which are successfully overcome by timid women and inexperienced children in the daily accounts of fires. From the telegraphed reports of the tragedy, Mr. Beatty, by the exercise of the ordinary judgment which he was accustomed to use throughout his life to avoid trivial discomfiture, could have escaped from the fire uninjured. Despite special training, which seems specially fitted to meet certain contingencies, it is frequently the entirely untrained that meets them successfully. It was a brewer who successfully fought the chivalry of England to a finish and brought an encroaching king to the block. It was a ledger-keeping clerk who hurled France from India and founded the British Empire in the East on the ruins of the ancient kingdoms of Hindostan when the question of Indian supremacy arose in the full tide of Oriental war.

SIR GILBERT PARKER is mentioned as Lord Milner's successor as High Commissioner of the conquered South Africa states. It will be, as far as we are interested, gratifying to Canadians that one of their countrymen should be appointed to a position of such onerous trust and great dignity. Outside of Sir Gilbert Parker's acknowledged literary and social ability and his public spiritedness, it may be that in the suggested appointment there is a little of the appreciation of what in Great Britain is called "the colonial point of view." It would not be out of harmony with the propaganda of the new Imperialism or Chamberlainism. It is something that John Bull will admit that a "colonial" might possibly know more about "colonialism" than he does himself. The fact that Sir Gilbert Parker is not markedly representative of the spirit of the Empire beyond the Seas, is neither here nor there. He probably would not be given the appointment if he were. If Sir Gilbert is more English than an Englishman in many of his characteristics, as some of the distinguished writer's critics venture to think, he will, however, understand easier the spirit of an outlying part of the Empire than would the insular born and bred Englishman of the type usually chosen for such positions. If the appointment is made it is further indication of the change of thought in Downing Street regarding the "colonies."

At Home Days.

Mrs. Mortimer Clark, February 16. Mrs. Harry Keighley, Miss Helen Keighley, 98 Madison ave., Miss Ferguson, 736 Shaw, 1 Friday. [3 Friday. Mrs. Harry Symons, 98 Madison ave., 4 Friday. Mrs. Beverly Smith, 289 Annette, 1 and 3 Thursdays. Mrs. Albert Blackman, 601 Euclid avenue, 1 Thursday. Mrs. H. P. Woodroffe, 122 Kendal ave., 1 and last Fridays. Mrs. W. A. Skirrow, 2 Monday and Thursday in March. Mrs. A. W. Barnard, Rossin House, 2 and 4 Thursdays. Mrs. Wallace Nesbit, 25 St. Vincent, Monday. Mrs. W. J. McWhinney, 16 Crescent road, 1 and 2 Tuesdays. Mrs. Alex Cartwright, 1a Harbord, 1 Tuesday. Mrs. Reynolds, 17 Elm avenue, 1 Monday. Mrs. D. Worts Smart, 48 Chestnut Park road, Tuesday. Mrs. George E. Bryant, 8 Maple ave., 1 Monday. Mrs. Strickland, 126 Huntley, Monday.

A Word From Omar.

I sent my soul back to the Earth to see If by a chance it still remember'd me; Alas, I would that I had stuck to tents, Nor writ one word of Cup, or Rose, or Key.

For Verse-smiths there are working Day and Night On Parades of what I did indite;

Ah, my Beloved, should Bahram's Wild Ass Get in Swift Kicks 'twould serve the rhymesters right!

H. C.

ALEXANDER and Diogenes were having their justly celebrated colloquy. "Is there anything I can do for you?" said the weeping World Conqueror. "Nothing," said Diogenes. "I am the original exponent of the Simple Life." The assertion that he said "Yes, stand out of my light" was probably due to an error on the part of a monkish copyist during the Dark Ages.

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An action is said to be about to be entered against the hotel people, and the result will be a matter of interest. Politeness or consideration is a difficult point to be judicially decided upon.

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An action

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Among the very stylish coming Spring Shirt-Waist-Suit fabrics, Sicilians will be foremost. An advance shipment showing the plain and mixed shades in these goods now on view.

One Dollar a Yard.

We have in connection with the above a choice showing of silk and Sicilian

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in very smart styles—of distinctive character—prices in the modest neighborhood of twenty-five dollars.

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J. G. MITCHENER, Manager.
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Trifling repairs even receive careful attention from us. Do not hesitate to send us silverware, brooches or pins, spectacles to be repaired, rings to be mended or set with stones or anything of a similar description. Our workmen give prompt attention and do not charge too much.

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The best brush made. Free delivery on an air cushion, so it does not irritate the scalp and promotes the growth of the hair.

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106 King Street West



COLONEL HANBURY-WILLIAMS is in town, making arrangements for the viceregal visit next week. The party will arrive on Tuesday evening, and His Excellency will go for dinner to the Toronto Club, where the members will welcome him to Toronto.

His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark will be the hosts of the viceregal party during their visit, and will on the evening of Thursday, the 23rd, give a State dinner in honor of His Excellency and Lady Grey. On Friday afternoon a reception will be held at Government House from 4:30 to 6:30 and further arrangements are being made for civic and other affairs by Colonel Hanbury-Williams.

On Wednesday evening a very pretty dinner was given by Dr. Bruce at which the following guests were entertained: Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Haydn Horsey, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Miss Mortimer Clark, Miss Elsie Mortimer Clark, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Major Churchill Cockburn, V.C., and Dr. Harold Parsons. The table was prettily decorated with daffodils and the little feast much enjoyed.

The death of Mr. Robert Roderick Pringle on February 5 was a sorrowful surprise to his many friends, as his illness was very short and he was at his home in Cobourg registering his vote on the day of the elections. He returned to the Queen's, where he and his wife were spending the winter, and found himself in severe pain, but did not attribute it to heart trouble. When physicians announced that he was in a dangerous state of ill-health, his son, Mr. Clive Pringle of Ottawa, came and remained with his father until his death.



THE LATE R. R. PRINGLE.

accompanying the remains to Cobourg, with Mr. Aemilius Baldwin, brother-in-law of the deceased gentleman. Mr. Pringle's many endearing qualities have won him the friendship and respect of hosts of people, and these will miss his frequent visits and sojourns in Toronto. Inheriting from a near ancestor, who kept a fine racing stable in England, a taste for a consummate knowledge of horse-flesh, he was never missing from the members' lawn at the Spring and Fall meetings, where he had a happy greeting for all. Between him and his sister, Mrs. Aemilius Baldwin, the only one of three sisters residing here, there was the closest bond of affection, and she has the sympathy of everyone in her loss of so beloved a brother. To Mrs. Pringle and Mr. Clive Pringle, only child of the deceased, friends are offering kind sympathy in their bereavement and feeling deep regret at the loss of so estimable and true a man as the late Robert Roderick Pringle.

Mrs. Keefer in Walmer road, Mrs. Hay in Rosedale, and Mrs. George Gooderham in Jarvis street, were hostesses of Wednesday teas.

Mr. and Miss Langmuir entertained at dinner on Thursday evening. His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark were the guests of honor. Mrs. Mortimer Clark had been house-bound for ten days with a severe cold, but was well enough on Thursday to venture out.

Practices for the cotillion at the Paper ball are going on at Government House, where Mrs. Mortimer Clark has kindly placed the ball-room at the disposal of Mrs. Arthurs and the dancers. A rehearsal, with music, will be held on Monday evening there, to perfect the dancers in the various figures.

Miss Blaikie gave a tiny tea on Wednesday for her guest, Miss Byrne of Ottawa.

Mrs. E. H. Duggan has gone to Montreal for a visit of some weeks.

Mrs. B. B. Cronyn gave a tea yesterday, a housewarming for her new home in Roncesvalles avenue.

Mrs. Gourlay and Mrs. Breckenridge gave a tea on Thursday at 514 Jarvis street, for the bride of last month, Mrs. David Gourlay. Mrs. George Watson of 161 Jameson avenue also gave a tea on Thursday. Mrs. Mulock gave a charming bridge and tea after, on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. K. P. Mabee, K.C., and Mrs. Mabee, are at the King Edward for the winter.

After a lengthy absence, Mr. and Mrs. Blewett have returned to town, and are settled in their new home, 492 Markham street. Mrs. Blewett will receive next Thursday.

A very interesting exhibition of work by members of the Woman's Art Association, with a loan exhibition of old lace, will open on the 18th and continue for ten days. This will take in the period of the viceregal visit, and the members will give a reception to the Countess Grey, who is Honorary President of the Association.

Mrs. Gooderham of Deancroft, Rosedale, will be the hostess of a tea of the members of the Driving Club this afternoon should the weather permit of the usual meet.

Mrs. Charles Ross, 83 Madison avenue, is giving a tea next Friday afternoon.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Doolittle gave a drive whist of five or six tables, followed by a pleasant tea. Mrs. Howard Chandler was the prize-winner. Mrs. McGay poured tea and the company enjoyed the afternoon very much. On the same day a good many teas were in progress, Mrs. Jack Murray giving a very smart one with a niece, Miss Murray of Parkdale, as *débutante*, receiving with her. A pretty galaxy of girls waited on the tea-table, which was done with lily of the valley and violets. The waitresses were not-outs, and Mrs. Murray gave them a very jolly dance on the same evening. By the way, I believe the not-out boys and girls are to have a "set" at the Paper ball next Tuesday, as the Daughters of the Empire have a girls' branch of very juvenile members who are most devoted members. Mrs. Murray wore a beautiful white lace gown and the *débutante* was in white

silk and lace. Among the guests was a charming little South American from Brazil, and a very smartly gowned Ottawa, Mrs. Eyre, in bright red with white lace. Mrs. Charles Murray was a handsome assistant at this tea, her bright presence being here, there and everywhere. Mrs. Acadia, who recently returned from England, came with her sister, Mrs. Goodwin Gibson, and Miss Wormum brought her lovely young cousin from Montreal, Miss Elsie Willmore. Space does not permit of a list of the hundreds of ladies at this tea. Mrs. Gouinlock (*née* Furlong), niece of Mrs. Murray, looked very graceful and girlish in a white lace gown and hat.

Mrs. Wallbridge, who has suffered from a severe attack of illness, is now better. Many enquiries have been made for her and friends are pleased to hear of her recovery.

Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt is not going to Ottawa on the date announced elsewhere. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Nesbitt have had an ideal holiday on a houseboat in the South, coasting Florida and spending some time at favored resorts. Plenty of fishing and every luxury were the accompaniments of their trip, their host being a man with both means and will to do things *en principe* for his northern guests.

Tickets for the St. Valentine's ball, to be given in the King Edward by the Daughters of the Empire on Tuesday, may be had at 212 Manning Chambers, or from members of the executive.

Those interested will not forget the dance in aid of the Children's Shelter next Tuesday night in the ball-room of the Temple Building.

A nice little theater party was on at Shea's on Wednesday evening for Miss Elsie Willmore of Montreal, and Mr. Charles A. Boone of the Manchester Regiment, popular visitors in town. The party occupied two boxes, and after the theater went to McConkey's for supper. Another sojourner in Toronto, Mr. Chrysler of Ottawa, who is taking a course at Stanley Barracks, was of the little coterie.

Snowshoeing devotees have been tramping to the out-of-town club-houses and tramping thence into the country, this week. A jolly little party of six went out to the Hunt Club on Wednesday and were much admired *en route*, the three pretty girls in jerseys and toques looking lovely daughters of Canada.

A dinner was given at the Hunt Club on Tuesday evening for Baron O'Hagan and his mother and sister.

I hear that a sensation was caused in certain quiet circles by the matter-of-course procedure of a distinguished lady guest who took out her cigarette case after luncheon and had her usual smoke. Several of our smartest women are now habitual cigarette smokers, but it was not in their company that the sensation was launched. Several physicians recommend a smoke after meals to their fair nervous patients, though many, like the writer, don't do as the doctor says.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee is in Buffalo for a short visit, accompanied by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Alfred Lee.

The sudden death of Mrs. B. M. Britton last Thursday afternoon, who was taken ill while on her way to a small afternoon tea at the Conservatory of Music, was a terrible blow to her family. Miss Norton Taylor had met Mrs. Britton by appointment and walked down through University Park with her, when she suddenly complained of illness, and being taken home by a friend, expired a few moments afterwards. During her short residence in Toronto, Mrs. Britton has made friends of many, to whom her kindly heart and sterling worth appealed. Mr. Justice Britton was summoned from Kingston, and returned at once with his daughter, Mrs. Brock. Another daughter, Mrs. Charlie Moss, was fortunately in town.

The lecture of 'Varsity Saturday afternoon course, the meet of the Driving Club in the Queen's Park, the very excellent programme at the Strolling Players', and half a dozen smaller engagements, kept people very much distracted who wanted to go to everything and found it impossible. There was a very good turnout at the Drive, the participants afterwards taking tea at Chudleigh with a few others. The Master drove Mrs. John Cawthra, and the usual turnout of smart equipages and some equestrians swept in a grand line after his lead. It was a very sharp but most invigorating day, and the drive was thoroughly enjoyed.

The patronesses who have kindly consented to act at the annual At Home of University College Literary Society on Thursday evening, February 16, are: Mrs. W. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Fletcher, Lady Meredith, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Byron E. Walker, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Fasken and Miss Salter. The chairman of the committee in charge of the dance, which will be held in the University gymnasium, is Mr. J. C. Sherry, and Mr. W. P. Barclay is secretary.

The first reception given by the Principal of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Mr. Gregory and Mrs. Gregory, who smilingly calls herself the housemother, took place last Friday, February 3, and was a most successful and enjoyable affair. About two hundred and fifty guests were at the reception, and from many who were unavoidably absent came hearty good wishes and expressions of regret at their inability to speak instead of write them. The reception was given as a personal invitation to personal friends, and prominent educationists to see the improvements recently made in the college, and everyone voiced great pleasure and approval of the changes which have resulted most happily. The evening was a sort of housewarming for them. The new college colors are dark and light blue and white and were used by an expert to decorate the parlors and dining-room. There was a short programme provided by excellent talent, and refreshments were daintily served. The rooms were further beautified by many fine palms, which are a fixture in the handsome salons. The unaffected cordiality and spontaneousness of Mr. and Mrs. Gregory charm all their guests and the most hearty good wishes of all are expressed for the continued success of the college.

Yesterday and to-day Mr. and Mrs. George A. Reid were at home at their fine studio and residence in Indian road, and invited guests had an opportunity to view some of their recent work intended for the spring exhibitions. To those who know the charm and harmony of the place it is needless to describe Mr. and Mrs. Reid's home. Master, mistress, work and surroundings are all in sweet accord, and visitors enjoy them each and all greatly.

Another artist who is working at what will be a much-remarked picture is Mr. Curtis Williamson, whose studio in Toronto street is so charming a place. Mr. Williamson has a study of Dutch peasant life which is adorably realistic, and so much more than "pretty" that I foresee a great deal of interest in it.

Mr. J. M. Alexander, the Laird of Bon Accord, is home from a visit to the Welland, where he found much benefit from the excellent baths.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Allan Case and Miss Case have been for some weeks settled at the King Edward.

Toronto Automobile Show.

In order that the Toronto citizens generally may have the privilege of seeing what is new in the motor world, the Canada Cycle and Motor Company have decided to hold an Automobile Show in their large Garage and display-rooms, corner of Bay and Temperance streets, February 27 to March 4. The American manufacturers generally have cheerfully consented to assist the enterprise, and many of the best cars exhibited at the New York and Chicago shows will be on view. Packard, Peerless, Thomas, Pope Toledo, Ford, Ivanhoe, Waverley, Auto-Car, Stevens-Duryea and Pope-Tribune are a few of the automobiles to be displayed.

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Codou's French Vermicelli

The finest quality made—ask your grocer for it

All best Dealers sell it

Cowan's
DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS ARE
Chocolate Cream Bars
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These Goods are Pure, Dainty and Nutritious.
THE COWAN CO., LIMITED TORONTO.

DORENWEND'S Natural Wavy Switches

It is impossible for you to buy anything superior to these—because they are not made.

You can order any style of switch you desire by sending a sample of your hair. We can match it perfectly and send your switch to you by mail.

Write for our Catalogue before you choose a switch elsewhere.

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When a Woman buys a Switch or Pompadour Bang, she is not likely to knowingly purchase something that is out-of-date, or made from hair that perhaps came from the head of a heathen Chinese. Everything that is made up to resemble a Switch or Bang is not a switch or a bang by any means, as the wearer speedily discovers. Articles which are of the nature of a personal adornment should be the very best only. And the reason doesn't require explaining. An economy of a dollar or two on Hair Goods will make fifty times that much difference in the wearer's appearance. See the new ideas at Pember's—exclusive, aristocratic and moderate priced. Private Parlors.

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A gay display in the Art Room at
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96 YONGE STREET

PROCTOR'S OPTICAL PARLORS....

When your eyes tire—when you cannot continue to regard small objects—when things "SWIM" and "BLUR."

These are signs of failing vision. OUR OPTICIAN is expert in the correction of eye defects and only recommends glasses when absolutely necessary.

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W. H. LEE, King Edward Drug Store.

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Open all night.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

Notice is hereby given that the Committee of the Senate appointed to inquire into certain charges reflecting upon the conduct of the President and Professor McLennan, acting as such Committee and also as Commissioners appointed by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor for the like purpose, will meet at Osgoode Hall on Saturday the 11th instant, at 11 a.m., at which time and place all persons desiring to be heard will have an opportunity of giving evidence in relation to the matters referred to.

W. R. MEREDITH, Chairman.

Toronto, February 4th, 1905.

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A pretty assortment just opened.

Stationery Daintily boxed, suitable for gifts. Special attention given to engraving and embossing.

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FOR WEDDINGS, BANQUETS,

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt



If you do not enjoy your meals and do not sleep well, you need O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt.

The Diastase in the Malt aids digestion, and the Hops insure sound sleep.

One bottle every two days in doses of a wine-glassful after each meal and at bed-time will restore your appetite, give you refreshing sleep and build up your general health.

J. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist,
General Agent.
TORONTO



bijou residence in Chestnut Park road, a romantic little thoroughfare winding through the orchard of the former Macpherson homestead. People wandered along Roxborough street over the crisp snow and came up a trim pathway, and a bevy of carriages which directed them northward to the spot where the twin houses (detached, but close together) of Mr. Howard Irish and Mr. Worts Smart now stand. Mrs. Irish (née Smart) matronized the bridal attendants of last spring's pretty wedding, who were in charge of the "Beauty" rose-centered tea-table, and Mrs. Lennox received with her daughter in the pretty drawing-room. The hostess wore her exquisite and dainty bridal robes, and her fairylily figure and mignon face never looked more charming than as she welcomed her visitors in her new home. Mrs. Lennox, in a very beautiful white lace gown and hat, assisted in the reception. The maid of honor, Miss Stanway, in a sun-yellow chiffon dress, the two sisters of the little hostess in white with most becomingly arranged Marguerites in their hair; little Miss Maida McLaughlin, and graceful Miss Gertrude Moore, very pretty and dainty, served tea and many good things in the tea-room. The utterly cosy and fascinating home is full of the prettiest and most artistic things, and the taste of papa and little daughter is evident. As Miss Eola Lennox, the hostess, was peculiarly gifted in winning the love of her friends, who delight in her happiness as a matron.

The Lady O'Hagan, widow of the first Baron O'Hagan of Ireland, and her son, the present Baron, and daughter, Hon. Mary Caroline O'Hagan, have been spending some time at the King Edward and have been entertained in various directions during their visit. The party have been spending a couple of months in Jamaica. The young people have met a good many of our young set and are both very charming and in their early twenties. His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark gave a dinner on Saturday evening, at which the guests of honor were Baron O'Hagan, his mother, and sister. The family seat of Baron O'Hagan is Towneley, Burnley, Lancashire.

The visit of Sir Charles Wyndham, and, perhaps more particularly, of Sir Charles Wyndham's very excellent company of players, will be long remembered with a smile by those who saw Mrs. Gorring's Necklace on Tuesday evening. Those who were at the Princess represented society in its brightest and best, the exit of the audience being punctuated by greetings and exchange of opinions from A to Z, some of the smartest people in town only being able to secure seats at the end of the alphabet. The perfect acting and the delightful comedy of an English country house, with the ordinary—though, let us hope, not very frequent—type of cranky and tiresome host and hostess, the exasperating flirtations of a pretty grass widow and the sentimental and the pert daughters, with two men guests, one very good and the other rather decadent, made up two hours of rare fun, marred by a cheap finale. The boxes overflowed with lovely women and their escorts, and the stalls held a garden of Toronto beauty, everyone seeming to have travelled theaterward on the first half of the week. Sir Charles Wyndham made a speech on Monday to the effect that it depended upon Toronto whether he returned and one may conclude we have not seen the last of him, and assure him his welcome waits.

Iceboating has been a favorite amusement for visiting friends in Toronto lately, and a great many have enjoyed it, though the snow has interfered a good deal this week. I hear that some of our guests have decided to cut out more remote engagements and remain on for the dainty doings of next Tuesday night, the charming paper ball at the King Edward.

Mr. and Mrs. Boone of Bloor street east are going south for two or three weeks. Mr. Boone, who is here on leave from England, will remain in town until the end of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Brick Francis have come from Chicago to reside in Toronto, and with their lovely little son are at Sussex Court. Mrs. Francis (née Powell of Ottawa) has many friends in Toronto, and all are glad to welcome her here.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Osborne returned from a very delightful visit in New York, Washington and Baltimore, on Sunday. Mrs. Osborne is now in great demand by the promoters of the Paper ball, who have missed her taste and inventive genius.

Never such pretty conceits have been seen in Toronto as are under course of construction for the garb of the various pretty girls and women at the ball next Tuesday night. I have been given a peep at some dainty floral dresses which are to be worn in the Scotch set, the men of which will be in Highland full-dress uniform, and if all the other flowers are as fetching as the thistles all the noli me tangere signs in the world won't keep their admirers at a distance.

I hear from one of the household that His Excellency and Lady Grey are looking forward to their visit to Toronto with great pleasure. The arrangements for their welcome are well forward, especially those for the Yacht Club ball, and Toronto will turn a "shining morning face," as Shakespeare says, to greet the viceregal party.

Mr. Walter H. Robinson, who was evidently not in her best health while in Toronto recently, underwent an operation for appendicitis last Monday in New York. I hear that she is doing very nicely and hope soon to chronicle her complete convalescence.

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton arrived to-day in town and is the guest of the Canadian Club at luncheon. He lectures at the "Pop" in Association Hall to-night. Mr. Seton has had a very pleasant and successful trip to England, and, I believe, intends returning there very shortly. He is very much in demand as a lecturer just now.

Rev. and Mrs. Beverley Smith have recently arrived from Chatham to reside at the Junction, where the former has taken charge of the Anglican church. Mrs. Beverley Smith (née Caldecott) receives on every Thursday this month at 289 Annette street west.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodbridge are settled at 74 Spadina road, where Mrs. Woodbridge and her daughter, Mrs. Fisher, receive on Fridays.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Boyd have returned to their residence in Hawthorne avenue after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis in Glen road.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Bickford returned from the South on Sunday last. Mrs. French is the guest of Mrs. Frederick Law, Sherbourne street.

One of the sweetest girls in Canada is Miss Fielding, daughter of the Minister of Finance, who has been recently under the hands of the world-famous Dr. Lorenz in Vienna. All her Canadian friends will rejoice in the good word which has come across the ocean, to the effect that the operation performed to restore the proper use of her limb is successful. The best results are hoped for with all the warmth of affection such a lovable girl can inspire.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldis of Glenhurst went South on Saturday. I hear they will be away for a month.

Small and large teas have been numerous during the past ten days, and it becomes less and less possible to keep up one's calling list in the number of bridge and euchre parties, teas and lectures which are temptingly presented as time-filers. A few of the recent teas have been given in honor of visitors. Mrs. Burrows gave a matinee bridge and tea last week for her Winnipeg guest, Mrs. Grant Sherer. Mrs. Riddell of St. George street gave a very smart bridge on the same afternoon, February 2. Miss Alice Stewart gave a girls' tea for her cousin, Miss Hanna of London, on February 3. Mrs. Beatty of Crescent road gave a bridge on the same afternoon. Miss Kate Scott of Carlton street gave a small tea this week. Mrs. Murray Macfarlane of Carlton street gave a very charming tea on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Norman Seagram (née Buchanan) received on Thursday and Friday afternoons at her parents' home in St. George street, the young couple having been with Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan since their return from Europe, and their own home being still incomplete. Mrs. Seagram's reception was postponed owing to her indisposition, from the date arranged for last month.

Mrs. Worts Smart held her post-nuptial receptions on Monday and Tuesday afternoons and Tuesday evening, at her

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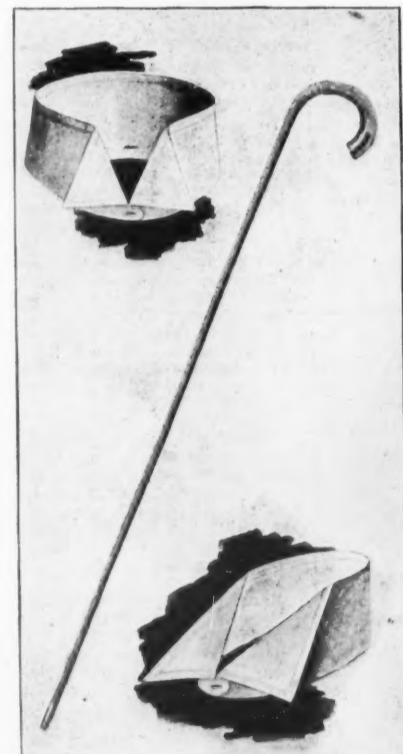
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Pet's Husband

By JENNette LEE.

T was generally thought that Pet had done very well for herself when she married him. She was the third daughter of Mr. Wainwright of Dedham, and he was Instructor in English at the college for women. I spell Instructor with a capital, since it is so spelled in the institution in which he served. The branch of English that he elected to teach—and that his official superior graciously permitted him to teach—was a mysterious branch of Gaelic. It had to do with North of Ireland ballads and Scottish Border poems, enlivened by dabs of Chaucer. It may easily be understood that neither the trustees of the institution nor his official superior were altogether fitted to pronounce on the thoroughness of his knowledge or the range of his equipment; and he was popularly supposed to have received his appointment on the strength of poems published in the *Century Magazine*. Those who took the trouble to look up the poems found that they were three in number and of remarkable length. They dealt with supernatural powers and gnomes, and gave the reader a sense of wind soughing through empty boughs or ghosts striving to lift a trap-door of ebony. No one pretended to understand the poems. But it was conceded that they were remarkable work—for a young man—and that they promised yet more remarkable things in the future.

He was therefore elected to the Instructorship; and he and Pet were married in June. In September he took up his duties at the college. He offered two courses in his subject, and they were elected by ten students each.

There was a feeling in the college that since so erudite a subject was offered it would be, in a certain sense, a disgrace to the college should no one elect it. It might seem to indicate that women were not the intellectual equals of men, or something to that effect. The student body had a courageous conviction that women were in all respects the equals of men, as well as their superiors. They held themselves ready to elect any number of subjects to prove it. Moreover, the new Instructor had an interesting lock of hair that fell across his forehead and required brushing back absently as he talked. This stimulated the imagination. It was held, by some at least, to offset the difficulties of the course.

It was soon found, however, that, except for the lock of hair, the new Instructor added no personal inducements to the study of Gaelic. He worshipped his subject—and Pet. His mind was preoccupied with poetic dreams, and his gaze was, for the most part, turned inward. He was blind to the very intelligent faces that confronted him in the front row. His dark eyes rested on them impartially, and his lips, framed to utter musical sounds, expounded learnedly the secrets of middle-high Gaelic.

Pet meanwhile had settled down to the career of being a professor's wife, with exalted joy. That she was as yet only the wife of an Instructor did not trouble her. She knew that Alwyn had in him lofty powers, that he was destined for high places. She accepted without question, the responsibility of assisting his great career, and of rising beside him to stand at last in the full radiance of glory. She was curiously unalive to the possibility of failure. She knew Alwyn for what he was, and she believed in him to the utmost. Meantime it was her obvious duty to fail him in no particular. She kept her pretty new clothes in the freshest order, and received and returned her calls with promptness. It was not always easy to cajole Alwyn into accompanying her on the calling expeditions, and he was

sometimes guilty of stealing away through the side door to the little room that flanked the house, when callers appeared at the front door. Pet's manner on these occasions did duty for two. She did not attempt to conceal the flight or excuse it. She took the public boldness into her confidence. She assumed that they, too, admired Alwyn's genius and were proud of it, and with her, shared the responsibility of preserving it to the world. She so far succeeded that, whatever the public might think of the new Instructor's manners, they agreed in pronouncing those of his wife charming. She was a distinct acquisition to the slow-moving life of the place. The wives of countless professors had exercised themselves through endless years in inventing appropriate social excuses for delinquent husbands. It had not occurred to them to acknowledge the thing openly and glory in it. Pet's frankness toward life entertained them. It might easily have shocked them. And the sense of license and wild risk involved added to her charm.

Before the close of the first year the Condors held an assured place in the community; and when, on the opening of college in September, it was known that the baby that had come to them in the vacation had died, the sympathy of the whole community went out to them. They were knit into the life of the place by social dependence, and now by sympathy.

II.

It was near the close of the first semester of the second year that Alwyn came in one afternoon with a disturbed face. Pet, who was writing out the menu for a little dinner party the following week, put down her papers and came across to the fire.

She sat leaning forward, looking into the fire and rubbing his long fingers. She took the hearth-brush and brushed away infinitesimal specks. She hung the brush on its nail and sat down near him. He smiled at her absently.

She nodded, with a quick look, leaping forward. "Everything all right?" "Not-quite."

She waited in silence. "It's nothing." He pushed back the lock of hair. "Only my classes—" "Don't they work?"

"What there is of them—yes." Her eyes grew quickly round. "What do you mean? You have almost as many as you had last year."

"About half," he corrected. "And they're going to drop it."

"All of them?"

"There will be one student left in the three-hour course, and none in the two-hour. The list came in to-day." He smiled at her a little apologetically.

She smiled back bravely. "Sillies!" She moved nearer to him, brushing his sleeve with her fingers. "What do you suppose made them?"

He shook his head. "Just the freaks perhaps."

"Yes?"

"There's another course in Economics—a new man."

"They're sheep. What one takes, the rest will!"

"I have sometimes thought they don't elect a subject because they care for the subject?" He put it tentatively.

"They don't elect subjects—not even professors," she said with decision; "they just elect each other. You have one left?"

"Yes. I have one."

"I'm going to make you a cup of tea," she said, "and then we'll go for a long walk. I want to take you to that place up the glen where I found the ice crystals. They're beautiful!" She busied herself among the tea-things. "Besides, dear, the fewer you have, the more time you'll get for yourself and your writing. It's really better." She looked up with a smile.

He returned the smile, his eyes lingering on the trim figure and peach-blossom skin and wide eyes. "It's really better," he assented. "So long as I keep enough to draw my salary."

Something in the tone reached her. She dropped the sugar-tongs. "So long as—" She gave a quick laugh. "How silly, Alwyn! Of course you'll draw your salary."

"If I have a student," he said. "I imagine the trustees won't feel justified in paying me a salary just as an ornament."

"They ought to."

"Well—perhaps."

"It isn't like most subjects," she said indignantly. "Of course the classes will be small."

"Small—yes," he assented.

"The college ought to be proud to keep you, even if you hadn't a student—just for glory."

He laughed shortly.

She came across to him, bringing the cup of tea.

He took it from her absently. "It's not a rich college," he said.

"Neither are we," she replied.

"I know. I've thought of that. I must do something."

"You will do nothing," she said promptly, "except be a poet." She bent and kissed the lock of hair on his forehead lightly. "Now I'm going to put on my walking-skirt. Finish your tea, dear, and then we'll go out." She flashed from the room and tripped up the long stairway, humming a little song. She closed the door of her room softly. She stood very still, staring before her with wide eyes.

III.

In the summer the Condors went to the White Mountains. Alwyn was not strong. A slight cough troubled him. The doctor had ordered a bracing climate. They settled down comfortably in the small hotel in which they found themselves. The other guests were pleasant people, and they had a large room facing to the east. Alwyn began

to take long walks by himself among the hills. He gained in color and weight. They resolutely turned their thoughts from the coming year and from college. Unless some student should alter her election when college reopened, Alwyn would have no classes. His one student had finished her course in June, and the lists handed in for the coming year furnished no one to take her place. Pet refused to admit that the situation was serious. Even if no one should elect the work, she pointed out, the college could not turn him adrift at the opening of the year. They must, in common decency, carry him on for a while, and there would be a revival of interest in Gaelic before another year. Alwyn admitted the possibility, and the subject was dropped.

He continued his long walks in the hills, and Pet devoted herself to the guests of the hotel. She would have preferred to go with Alwyn. She would have tramped by his side for miles without a word. But since he did not wish her, she served him, staying behind. There might be something she could do for him if she were watchful and ready.

She made friends with women from New York and Boston, and with one from Philadelphia. There was always the possibility of lectures in the winter. The hotel responded warmly to her advances. She was tactful and spontaneous and she never drew a breath without devoting it to Alwyn. The hotel pronounced her charming, and her husband distinguished and interesting.

The classes dwindled again. Miss Leffingwell stayed till the end of the year. Pet had her often to dinner. Sometimes Alwyn read to them as in the summer. In June Miss Leffingwell went away.

"I couldn't help—anyone—by staying another year," she said. She stood on the lower step, looking up at Pet. Something in Pet's face stayed her. "I couldn't help?" she repeated.

"No, dear, you can't help," said Pet.

The girl stood with one foot slightly raised to the step above, her head, with its reddish crown, lifted proudly. "I'd be glad to stay, you know?" She looked up with frank eyes.

Pet nodded. "Yes I know. Thank you, dear."

At luncheon Pet mentioned that Miss Leffingwell had gone. "She came to say good-by," she said casually.

"Did she? I meant to see her. A nice girl," he added, waking out of a study.

"A thoroughly nice girl," said Pet.

The next year the President arranged for a certain amount of clerical work for Alwyn. Pet did the work, and Alwyn had a free year for writing. Before the next year came round, Pet's plans were made. In the fall she opened her house to students. The rooms were large. Pet was an excellent housekeeper, and the house became very popular. Perhaps its chief attraction was the young poet. He gave a charm to the place, an other-worldliness that the college lacked as a whole. It was rumored that he was at work on a great book. The girls vied in thoughtfulness. They felt vaguely that they assisted at the birth of literature. They formed themselves into a guard. Newcomers were tried by the shibboleth of his genius.

Near the close of the year Alwyn's cough returned. He and Pet were unable to go away for the summer. The following winter he went south. He soon returned. He could not be contented away from Pet. She arranged her affairs and went with him. They were gone two months.

When they came back everyone knew that the poet would not recover. He spent his days in an upper room looking to the east. No one in the house saw him, but his presence was on the place. The girls came and went in the shadow of it. It spread about them luminously.

V.

In his upper room the poet sat with his face toward death. He could hardly be said to fight it. Sometimes one watching him, as Pet watched him, might fancy that he moved toward it a step, deliberately. He did not speak of dying.

Pet cared for him now as she had always cared for him, surrounding him with love and pantries and nourishing broths. She shared his defeat, as she would have shared his glory, outside of it, but serene and poised. He watched her without words. Then when the sun came in at the east, and she left the room, he turned toward it, impatient. He tarried too long. He was a burden to Pet and to the house. A dying man wouldadden it. The girls would grow tired, as they had tired of it, but serene and poised. He watched her without words. Then when the sun came in at the east, and she left the room, he turned toward it, impatient. He tarried too long. He was a burden to Pet and to the house. A dying man wouldadden it. The girls would grow tired, as they had tired of it, but serene and poised.

His gaze rests upon the stripped limbs of the trees.

"Gee!" he sighs, "that reminds me! I—I had the price

I'd go to town an' see that v'riety show ter-night."—Houston Post.

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His eyes sweep the fields and the forrests;

His gaze rests upon the stripped limbs of the trees.

"Gee!" he sighs, "that reminds me! I—I had the price

I'd go to town an' see that v'riety show ter-night."—Houston Post.

John Morley, in an address at Pittsburg, urged the "American" people to use caution and care in their busy lives—to do strenuous things, but to do them with forethought. "The Scot," said Mr. Morley, "is noted for his forethought. A bald Scot, on a visit to London, paused to look at a display of hair tonic in a chemist's window. The chemist, himself a bald man, came out and tapped the Scot upon the shoulder. 'The very thing for you, my man,' he said. 'Let me sell you a bottle of this tonic. It is the greatest medical discovery of the age.' 'It's guid, eh?' said the Caledonian. 'Good?' It's marvelous. I guarantee it to produce hair on a bald head in twenty-four hours.' 'Awel,' said the Scot, in his dry, cautious way. 'Awel, ye can gie the top o' yer head a rub wi' it, and I'll look back the morn and see if ye're tellin' the truth.'"

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looking girl. It soon became known that she had come from Maryland for the express purpose of taking Mr. Condor's work. The effect was what might have been foreseen, even by a less astute person than Alwyn's wife. Other students re-experienced a desire for Gaelic. The classes started off with good numbers. Had Alwyn been endowed with ability to carry on a mild and legitimate flirtation



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LADY GAY'S COLUMN

T is a good many years now since a woman said to me, as we finished our breakfast in one of the palatial dining-rooms of Fifth avenue, above Central Park: "I want to take you to a lecture at eleven o'clock." The lecture habit was at its height in Gotham just then. There were lectures on clothes, on bathing, on face treatment, on everything under the canopy of heaven, all the aftermath of the World's Fair in Chicago, where women had held their first great meeting and gotten saturated with all sorts of grand notions on advancement and improvement. The idea of a lecture at eleven o'clock in the morning was not new, therefore, and I acquiesced amiably, not even inquiring what was to be the subject, nor whom the lecturer. We went to a small place near Madison Square, and climbed a small stair, and were met by the so-familiar and self-important fussy lady patronesses of that lecture era. There was a hush about the place, and a mysterious, rapt look in the eyes of the lady usher who put us, as people of importance (I basking in the glory of my hostess' prestige), in front places. A near-sighted girl beside me, who could twist her head about like one of the ventriloquist's dummies at Shea's, suddenly gasped in a sort of hysterical gurgle, "He's coming," and there were firm, light footsteps up the bare boards of the narrow aisle and a sudden glow of color of madder red and golden yellow, and the near-sighted girl stopped craning her neck and collapsed in a satisfied lump against my elbow. That was how I came to see for the first time, many years ago, the Swami Abhedananda, whose visit to Toronto last week touched a note of wonder, of interest, of pleasure and inspiration which vibrates in the hearts and souls of scores of thoughtful persons who heard him speak upon the religion of his fathers in far India. I envied those persons who heard him for the first time, recalling as I did, that small hall near Madison Square that dull November morning. The cloud that had hung between me and the sun of joy for many a weary day, and the lifting of the cloud, the warm flood of sunshine, the wonder of new light, new thought, new courage. The Swami did not speak of India nor of the religion of his people that November morning. Three little sentences only of his lecture abode with me. They abide still, and the cloud never quite enveloped me, after they entered into my mind. Since then, years ago, many other thoughts, bigger, broader, more beautiful, have been born of those three: the thought of immortality, the thought of reward and punishment, the thought of universal brotherhood. The peace and patience of eternity, the acquiescence in the day's wage, so just and so inevitable, and the sympathy and tenderness and identity with all that is, from earth to heaven, our animate and inanimate brotherhood. One does not lightly speak of these three glorious living things: one tries to attain to them only.

Swami Abhedananda, following his fellow teacher, Vivakananda, came out to America, not on a mission of proselytizing, but at the request of the latter teacher, who had been invited to attend the World's Fair Congress of Religions. There had appeared so many who came to question and remained to learn, that one Swami, no matter how tireless, could not meet them all. Then Vivakananda died, and the teacher who spoke here last week became the burden-bearer in chief. He had just assumed this responsibility when I saw him that gloomy November day in New York. Another Swami, on last Monday, took his place before the hundreds who have replaced the tens in New York, and doubtless with the same grave and careful demeanor, made his first essay as a lecturer, while Swami Abhedananda spent his first day at Niagara. The visit to Toronto last week was most grateful to the Swami, for he found here courteous, thoughtful, receptive friends, meeting him not only with ready hospitality, but with well considered and pregnant questions, with grave dissent or hearty concurrence, the very inspiration to a teacher. Many episodes of his visit seem beautiful and suggestive, and I mention one as particularly so. While he was spending a brief moment in the home of one of the most broad and scholarly men in Toronto, the little son of the house was brought in. The father asked the Swami to bless the child, and he, putting his hand upon the fair head, repeated the exquisite blessing over him. It was a moment the beauty and significance of which could only be appreciated by those knowing both the men. A man of great worth and a recognized authority on psychology, took exception to the tint of the gown and turban worn by the Swami, on the ground that it was not becoming. Really, it was a man and a scientist! The madder red and the clear golden tints of gown and turban are the colors of the order to which the Swami belongs, and signify Wisdom. Thus enveloped in Wisdom, he stands before his hearers, modest, perfectly courteous, sweet-tempered under irritating carpers and questioners, a being who has every faculty and every nerve, every impulse under complete control, a patriot and a saint in one. If I might tell you of the preparation which each of these Oriental teachers goes through, of the simple assurance which this one has given me, that he knew a joy beyond description while for twelve years he wandered from mountain to plain as the seasons alternated in India, living on one scant meal in twenty-four hours, and walking shoeless and unshielded from the storm or cold some thirty miles a day sleeping under the trees or in a cave, and awakening to a bright, joyful consciousness, with never an ache or pain in all that long slice out of a young man's life; if I might tell you this in detail and much more, you would

arrive at the acceptance of a fact which never seemed possible to you before. You all know what this fact is. Therefore I need not mention it. The Pauline admonitions will give you the key, and when you open you will find the answer to many a burning doubt and fear.

"Our Swami," as a Torontonian called him, has travelled with this brilliant intellect, this calm poise, this just insight and wide wisdom, through many countries, and has gathered with the sympathy which knowledge exacts the essence of their lives and the burden of their conditions. Our Swami is a vegetarian, an abstainer, he does not smoke cigars (this is to answer a querist), he does not wish to convert anyone from any religion, but to help them to rise above all sects and live in that expanding and life-giving air which will develop and not dwarf their powers. It is a beautiful and wonderful mission, and no doubt many will feel that the encouragement of his presence will be for their cheer and comfort and will send for him again to visit us. The preconceived idea of a Swami is of an austere and self-centered being, giving out high-toned commands, and mysterious utterances; the real Swami is a cheerful, sweet-tempered, sympathetic and profoundly wise man, baffling to the people of material instinct, who ask, "What does he get?" "Is he very wealthy?" "What is his family?" and "How old is he?" and who cannot believe that neither money nor comfort nor the praise of men nor the smile of women means the same for all men. We have long had our ideal life on earth, we Christians, who reverence and worship the Perfect Manhood. Such an ideal should fit us to understand and value the personality of the man of wisdom who has been the guest of some of our young people in Toronto this month. Swami Abhedananda is a great teacher, and the lessons he teaches are needed to-day as they have never been needed before, appealing, as they do, by precept and example to those who will be "Canada" in a very few years.

LADY GAY.

Finland Under the Despotism

Since this article was despatched from Finland, before the outbreak of the present Russian crisis, a grave revolt is reported to have broken out at Helsinki, the Finnish capital, the members of the Lower House, the nobility, and the leaders of the people having placed themselves at its head.

THE Black River runs into the Gulf of Finland at Raivola, and all around it are the mournful pine forests and little stone hills of the north.

From the beach one may barely see, with a keen eye, the blue film of another coast beyond, but in the night the bold white lights of Kronstadt blink clearly across the water, peering at the darkness over their bulb-throated cannon for the foreign enemy that never comes. And sometimes, in the still of the day, the woodcutters and fishermen start upright to listen to the ominous mutter of the great guns of the fortress, testing their venom on the innocent waters of the gulf.

It is a kindly country, this Finland, a hunter's and woodman's country, where they breed fine, strapping, lovable men, and stout, pleasant, yellow-haired women. They are a conquered race, still chafing savagely under the yoke of the despot, but they have the germ of freedom in them, the essence of liberty, and will not easily merge into the people that governs them and is now viciously active in an endeavor to strangle their nationality. You have but to see with what a keen self-reliance and restrained dignity they carry themselves, with what an adequacy of skill and power they address themselves to their simple affairs, to realize that here is a race-individuality which will not founder without a fight nor yield to mere force. The Finn is the Scotsman of Europe, with not much fire, with little show always, but tough, very tough.

The analogy does not end here. In Finland to-day affairs have a complexion which recalls vividly the middle of the eighteenth century in the Highlands of Scotland.

I cannot say if they have an Alan Breck to show, but it is probable, for strained times commonly bring forth men equal to the strain, and Alan would have a grand scope for his peculiar abilities in Finland at the present time. He would find the Whigs reproduced with added virulence in the Russian Administration and its supporters, the Campbells in the Moderate Party, the hospitable French in his neighbors the Swedes, and his own people in all the loyal nationalities of Finland. And recently the

people of the village were more silent than of wont when I saw them, and I had been talking to one of them for some time before it slipped out that in his home there had been two deaths. It was impossible to say anything adequate, such was the grim reserve of the big, stricken man. No formula of condolence but would have been impertinent, but one could not be dumb. I stamp-



HER HONOR.

The Nursemaid (haughtily)—Better look out what you're a insinuat' in, see. Say it's mine an' I'll make yer prove it.

THE IDEAL BEVERAGE
should quench the thirst, cheer and stimulate and nourish or strengthen.
LABATT'S
India Pale Ale
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She's most particular about
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Are just the ones for pretty feet.

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mered something.

He shook his head. "At the best," he answered, gravely, "these are no times for children."

P.

Some Mixed Metaphors.

THE following instances of a mixing of metaphors by some British statesmen have been given: "Mr. Balfour, in a recent speech, spoke of 'an empty theater of unsympathetic auditors.' Lord Curzon has remarked that 'though not out of the wood we have a good ship.' Sir William Hart Dyke has told how Mr. Asquith has lately remarked that 'redistribution is a thorny subject which requires delicate handling, or it will tread on some people's toes.'

"Mr. Brodrick told the Commons that 'among the many jarring notes heard in this House on military affairs this subject at least must be regarded as an oasis.' But General Buller evidently thinks there is little to be gained by so-called army reform, for he declares that 'the army is honeycombed with cliques, and kisses go by favor in this web of ax-grinders.'

"In the debate on the London Education Bill, Walter Long said: 'We are told that by such legislation the heart of the country has been shaken to its very foundations.' Before Winston Churchill opposed the present Government, he, at a meeting of the Bow and Bromley Conservative Association, commanded certain utterances of Lord Rosebery, but said that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman 'had sat so long on the fence that the iron had entered into his soul.'

"A financial Minister has assured the Commons that 'the steps of the Government would go hand in hand with the interests of the manufacturer.' It was in the Lords that the Government was warned that the constitutional rights of the people were being 'trampled upon by the mailed hand of authority.'

"It was the late Sir George Campbell who said 'the pale face of the British soldier is the backbone of the British Empire,' and who said certain abuses in India were but a 'mere flea bite in the ocean,' as compared with others he could name. It was another friend of India who said: 'Pass the measure and the barren wells will become fertile valleys.' It was a loyal member who said: 'When I go wrong I look round and see our chief leading and I soon get right again.'

"The people of the village were more silent than of wont when I saw them, and I had been talking to one of them for some time before it slipped out that in his home there had been two deaths. It was impossible to say anything adequate, such was the grim reserve of the big, stricken man. No formula of condolence but would have been impertinent, but one could not be dumb. I stamp-

across the Irish Sea, begged the members 'not to look at the subject from a livestock point of view,' and it was he who said: 'The right honorable gentleman shakes his head—and I'm sorry to hear it.' He it was, too, who, when the Irish Land Bill was being pushed through, said: 'The time has now come, and is rapidly arising. Another member in a late debate objected to introducing fresh matter already decided.' It was Mr. McHugh who declared the Government was 'ironbound with red tape,' but it was an opponent of Home Rule who regarded a certain concession as 'the first stitch in the dismemberment of the Empire.'

"But we must stop, or we shall have a repetition of the rebuke administered by a statesman of the Emerald Isle, who declared that 'there's no truth in half the lies told about the Irish.'

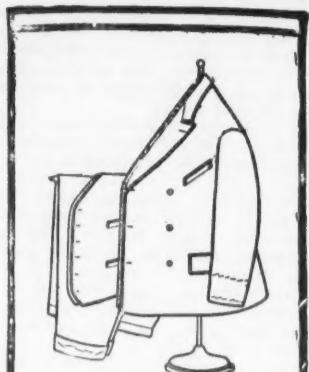
Interesting to Ladies.

The first issue of *Corticelli Home Needlework* for 1905 is now out, and an exceedingly attractive number it is. From cover to cover of its 90 pages, there is not a page that does not contain something of interest to the average woman. Among the principal features may be noted the exceedingly valuable contribution of A. L. Gorman, entitled *Hand Embroidery as Applied to Costume Decoration; Handsome New Centerpieces*; and a very complete explanation of *Gitterly Embroidery*, by Marie M. Koch. In addition to these there are numerous shorter articles, dealing with fancy work in all its various phases; and the whole book is replete with ideas and suggestions of the greatest importance to every lady interested in fancy work of any kind. The colored plates are exceptionally handsome in this number and the cover design is a real work of art. A copy of *Home Needlework* may be obtained by sending 15 cents to the Corticelli Silk Company, Limited, St. John's, P.Q., or a year's subscription costs 50 cents.

"I must congratulate you on your engagement," said the first sweet young thing. "I am so glad to have you for a sister-in-law." "But Mr. Toobe is not a brother of—" "Not exactly. I promised, however, that I would be a sister to him."

Benevolent Party—Poor man—what's the matter with your hand? *Domestic Dossier*—Broke me knuckles, mum, knockin' at people's doors askin' fer work!

"How do you like my hat?" "Splendid! Don't you remember I had one of them when they came out first?"



Semi-ready Double-Breasted Sack Coat.

Made in black and blue serges, and imparts a particular broad appearance to the wearer.

The back drops gracefully from the shoulder—which, although not loose fitting, is still far from tight fitting.

Our recent purchases in Europe makes us able to absolutely guarantee the same quality of cloth which has made this suit our biggest seller.

Notwithstanding recent large increase in cost of serge the price to you will remain the same, namely \$18.00.

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The above Coupon MUST accompany every geographical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Geographical studies must consist of at least two pages of writing, and covering several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up more space than the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for answers. 3. Quotations, sermons or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

GARRET.—It is very good writing, with power and self-reliance, a touch of pessimism, tenacity, rather prone to idealism, and attracted through the imagination. Writer should accomplish success, and will do better should she cultivate prudence and reticence. The squandering of vital force is the worst sort of spendthriftiness. August 20 brings you under the declining influence of Leo, a fire sign, and very prone to develop impatience of law and order when endowed with some of above characteristics. At the same time, Leo, well matured, makes a noble study.

CANADIAN.—The latter part of May, if after the 22nd, brings you under Gemini, the June sign, whose element is air, while May (Aries) is an earth month. Without the definite date I prefer not to risk your characteristics. Your writing is strongly practical, just and logical, and shows persistence and generally a cautious and prudent attitude. It is the hand of one circumscribed by conditions, probably commercial life and business demands. Your temper is good and your impulse generous. You have neat and careful method and good ability. I think you have times of despondency or fearing that you have not achieved your aims. Don't let such moodiness gain power. Perhaps your subject is not your best effort, and you will learn by nature what you really can do. It's a proper good school.

GARDELINE.—This study is far from what it might be. The open 'a' and 'o' signify the irresponsibility method and carelessness utterance which often make for trouble. The backhand slants tell of insincerity or thought and undue regard for appearances. It is, however, an unshamed hand, probably youthful and undecided. There is clever and executive impulsive, the love of rule but not the power, and an absence of sequence in thought. The long lines as initials are a weakness; so are all those unnecessary lines with which you adorn your capitols. You are quite careful or detail and have considerable good material need direction.

M. A. D.—I have not a word of comfort, but one or serious warning. The unknownness you confess to is a crime, no matter how you may be provoked or tried. It seems an outrageous one to me, even though I might say I am not "understood," precisely as you are not "understood." May I bring you under Taurus, a sign very apt to develop into a grieve bearer. There is no one so apt to nurse a sense of being slighted or misunderstood so carefully as a Taurus person. At the very outset of your note you strike that horrid chord: "I am sure you must be tired." Don't be sure of anything you don't know the first thing about! I am not at all tired of answering correspondents. If I were I'd stop it, for the work would be heartless and worthless. The spirit of adventure and enterprise is catching; one sister would probably take it from seven brothers. You have a good deal of concentration and are reasonably adaptable. Instead of going out in the world, could you not realize that not the world, but yourself, is your educator? With all your taste, your neat method, your sensitiveness and your self-will, you should have your work cut out at home. Yes, I shall find that word of comfort. Once released from self, you will probably make me progress. Get a broader outlook, study the real things, and don't fret and fume at time and space limitations. Get above them, my girl.

HAZEL.—Unsigned portions of letters are not delineated. The enclosure is an exceedingly good study, and I should have been glad to delineate it, if signed and not written on ruled paper. Read on and your husband in a single round.

GIZEL.—Your curiosity is pardonable and just for fun I shall satisfy it by telling you that although a woman's intuition may be "the faculty by which she knows a thing to be so, that isn't so," you are right this time. The rules request you to address "Correspondence Column." Then why can you not do it?

Yours is a magnetic and enterprising hand, full of capacity for accomplishing great things. You can be influenced through the emotional side of your nature, and are susceptible to such influence, especially when wielded by a person of the opposite sex. You like to lead, and are practical and far-seeing, and while undoubtedly gifted, may be a bit too bound by tradition and convention. You could not love a man who didn't cut his hair properly. You are generally a good specimen of the Capricorn influence, January 19 leaving you just within that sign, an earth sign, intellectual and thoughtful. Capricorn people are proud, high-minded, determined, independent, lovers of harmony and beauty, but apt to live too much in externals. They obey moods and are nearly always subject to fits of depression. They abhor flattery, but appreciate earned praise. The lessons needed generally by Capricorn subjects are silence, and deep meditation, and to overcome the habit of unkind judgment. There is something higher than intellect, and morbid introspection is to be avoided. Simple desires, natural behavior, great discretion in eating, are some of the means to develop a splendid Capricorn person. Saturn is the governing planet and the gems are white onyx and moonstone. Your fusing

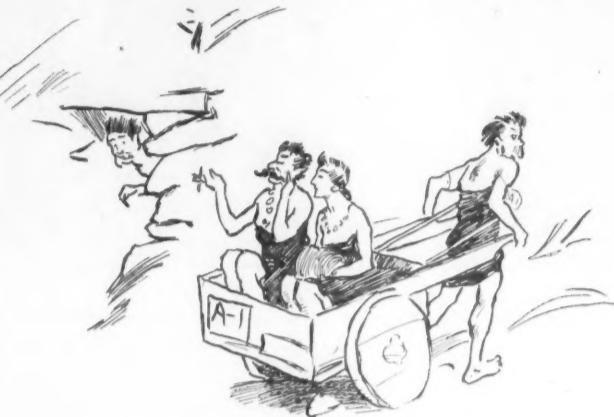
More Letters from Lithuania.

MY DEAR PALEOLI,—I am in receipt of your letter informing me that as your husband has suddenly become rich, you do not care henceforth to correspond with people of my class. So pleased to have met you, dear. If you will remember, it was you that asked me to begin this correspondence, because you were dull and lonely, and couldn't go out of doors much because you had no clothes of your own, and could only borrow a rabbit-skin

Only as far as you are concerned the desired result would not be attained. For whatever we may say against cats they are not cannibals. They don't eat each other. Do you see what I mean, lovey?

If it comes to that we are quite as good as you are anyway, if not better.

We are in a position to keep our own steeds, and we frequently take a morning gallop in the Row. But we do not put on airs on that account. After all, a miglodite or a splashodon that is good



As a matter of fact we keep our own chariot.

cloak occasionally for the afternoons. I'm sure I didn't want to write to you. I have other things of far more importance to do.

As your husband is so rich, perhaps you can persuade him to hire somebody by the hour to teach you how to spell. I have seen people that wanted education a little in this respect; but if there is a prize being given away in your part of the country for downright inferiority, you'll win it easily. It'll be a bloomin walk-over for you. I don't use language of that sort as a rule, but I always did believe in playing down to one's audience. Perhaps, as you're so rich, you can now return the stone choppers and food supplies that I have sent you from time to time. If I have to come and fetch them myself, it will probably bring a little more excitement into your bright young life than you are altogether prepared for. Not know me, indeed! Why, in this part of the country we keep ladies of your sort to scare the birds out of the cranberry fields.

I didn't know whether you're aware of the fact or not, but Augustodon (that is my husband) and I are also persons

enough to make an effective mount, is not difficult to acquire. We purchased ours for a few cranberries and rabbit-skins; but there are people who go to work more cheaply. I have heard of ladies whose husbands have gone out in the night and acquired a gee by the inexpensive method of pinching it from a confiding neighbor. Of course, I mean nothing personal. I merely mention what I have heard. In our case we can produce the written receipt to establish our claims to the property, but all people are not so precise about these things as we are. You see my meaning, dearie, I trust. I would like to make myself as clear as possible without being absolutely offensive; as, of course, there are people who are so dense that they can't see beyond the ends of their noses. And if their understanding is on anything like a par with their spelling, you may expect the worst of them at all times.

Of course, in a way, I am pleased to hear that you have made such a stylish match. I didn't hear of anybody who was at your wedding, but I wouldn't for the world suggest that it hasn't taken place as yet. Goodness knows I should



We frequently take a morning gallop in the Row.

be the last to indulge in offensive innuendoes, especially where such a perfect lady as yourself is concerned, dearie!

I think, however, it is such a pity that you didn't send me a piece of the wedding-cake, because people about here do talk so. I shouldn't like to repeat to you the spiteful things I have heard. But don't you worry about that, my dear. You go right on in your great and clinching triumph. Hold your head as high as you like. And if one of these fine mornings you hold your head so high that you haven't noticed that you have stepped over the edge of a precipice till you are half way to the bottom, no one will be more delighted than your old and loving friend,

LITHIA.

(The Very End.)

—Pick-me-up.

When the Snow Falls.

John C. Johnson, the well-known Philadelphia lawyer, was hastening down Chestnut street on a snowy morning.

"Weather like this," he said, "reminds me of an early case of mine. It was a real estate case, a contention over the ownership of a certain ten feet of ground, and I was confident that we should win, for all the facts and arguments were on our side."

"Hence I was amazed when my client, at the beginning of his cross-examination, was asked if he had not stated, as lately as the previous January, that the disputed ten feet of ground did not belong to him, but to his adversary, the next-door neighbor who was now fighting his claim."

"Yes," my client answered, "I did state that."

"This admission amazed me more than ever, and I leaned forward in my chair, wondering what would come next."

"In the presence of witnesses," said the cross-examining lawyer, "you declared that these ten feet belonged, not to you, but to Mr. Parks. Is that not right?"

"Quite right. Quite right, sir," said my client.

"Then, after such an admission, shouted the lawyer, 'how dare you—how dare you, sir—come into this court and claim the strip of land as your own?'

"Well," said my client, "it was just after a heavy snowstorm that I said the ten feet belonged to Neighbor Parks. We were both shoveling off our pavements at the time."

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CEYLON TEA positively the purest and most delicious tea sold in the world. Received the highest award and Gold Medal at St. Louis 1904.

Psychology of Revivals.

VAN ROBERTS, a Welsh work-

ingman, who can scarcely speak the English tongue, is now conducting an extraordinary revival in his native Wales. Thousands of persons attend his meetings and are quickly worked up to a pitch of intense excitement. Roberts allows the congregations to do as the spirit moves them. In the middle of one of his exhortations some one will spring up singing a hymn, the preacher and people will join the chorus, and the harangue will stop then and there. Groaning, shouting, singing and capering enliven the proceedings. Curiosity sends visitors from all parts of England to view the amazing demonstrations of the converts.

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"Antic religion of this sort is familiar in some parts of America, particularly among the negroes down South," says the San Francisco Bulletin. "It has its springs in depths of human nature which the psychologists have not fully explored. It presents an interesting problem to students of mob or group psychology. At times the infection spreads over a community like a tidal wave. Men and women who appear to be of the most phlegmatic temperament are seized on such occasions by this species of dementia, and they give way to the wildest emotions in the conviction that they are burning with pentecostal fire. Whether this emotion is due to hysteria or epilepsy or what not, it is hardly hard to attribute it to the Holy Ghost. As a religious influence it is not lasting, and there is a question whether even while it lasts it is wholly sanctifying. Certainly it is not essentially Christian, for emotional orgies, under the patronage of religion, are common among the heathen."

Professor Starbuck of Stanford University has made these stages of sudden conversion his special study. The following instances are from his interesting collection:

"One morning being in deep distress, fearing every moment that I should drop into hell, I was constrained to cry for mercy, and the Lord came to my relief. . . . I cannot express how I felt. It was as if I had been in a dark dungeon and lifted into the light of the sun. . . . I wept and laughed alternately; I was as light as if walking on air." Another says: "I fell on my face and tried to pray. . . . The very heavens seemed to open and pour down rays of light and glory. Oh, how I was changed, and everything had become new! My horses and dogs and everybody around me seemed changed."

The whole subject of sudden conversion under strong revival influences has been treated exhaustively by Dr. William James of Harvard University, in his remarkable lectures on "Varieties of Religious Experience."

If we may sum up his conclusions in a single sentence, the following may be taken as a sufficiently accurate epitome. He holds that the whole phenomenon of regeneration, even in these startling instantaneous examples, is largely a strictly natural process, divine in its fruits, but neither more nor less so than any other process of man's interior life.

This would account to some extent for the facts as we know them. Here is a young miner-student, who for thirteen months, in an agony of desire, seeks the saturation of his nature with the Divine and Eternal Spirit; and who suddenly becomes conscious that his desires have been fully met and satisfied. Instantly he is able to exert an altogether novel and unprecedented effect on others. Why should this be deemed incredible? He is enthused, and can enthuse. He is glowing with the sacred fire—surely he can communicate it. He sees, and can make others see. The atmosphere which such a soul carries with it is in startling contrast to the ordinary life of men. As they are brought into touch with it they are made aware of evils which they had not realized or had condoned; they restrain their emotion till it is uncontrollable, and then its sudden emission causes strong physical effects; but, finally, the sublime impulse issues in a transformed experience.

The supreme test is the ethical results. At first they are clean cut and decisive, and if proper means are taken to encourage and nourish the soul in its upward movement, a strong and noble character will ultimately emerge. Professor Starbuck's conclusion is that the effect of conversion is to bring with it a changed attitude toward life, which is fairly constant and permanent, although the feelings fluctuate."

If I were to describe the process of sudden conversion, I should say that it is the sudden awakening of the human soul to the divine in life, made real through contact with another soul that has realized it in a very large and intense measure. There is no need for prolonged exhortation or speech when such is the case, and it is not difficult to credit the accounts which come to hand of the results of personal testimony, a quotation or a burst of singing.

The eyes of the whole country are turned to Wales, wondering whereto this thing may grow; and very great responsibility attaches to the leaders of the movement to repress where possible needless extravagances, and to guide the young converts to such channels of Christian service and church life as will conserve for the longest and best service these tumultuous waters.

Guest (admiringly)—So your wife painted all this lovely china? *Mr. Nagg's*—Oh, yes. *Guest* (interestedly). And is she successful in fixing it? *Mr. Nagg's* (instinctively dodging)—Oh, perfectly! *Maria* seldom misses anything.



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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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"WISH I WAS A DOG."—Life.

Lacking the important advantage of beauty, and handicapped by a fair from pleasing voice, she nevertheless makes the part of *Mrs. Gorringe* stand out as a prominent feature of the play—which it would not be in the hands of an ordinary actress—and by her unexpectedly clever acting made the audience see the very dots on the “I’s” in the really humorous lines which fell to her lot. An excellent foil for the absurd and inconsequential *Mrs. Gorringe* is afforded in the character of *Mrs. Jardin*, in which part Miss Vane Featherston must be credited with a splendid bit of character work. Miss Lilius Waldegrave, as the girl *Isabel*; Mr. Charles Quartermaine, as *David Cairn*, and Mr. Alfred Bishop as *Colonel Jardin*, displayed that high order of talent that we have come to expect in the support of the English stars that visit this continent. In fact, a more capable and evenly-balanced company has seldom been seen in Toronto.

Thomas E. Shea is appearing at the Grand Opera House this week with an excellent selection of well-known plays. On Monday Mr. Shea produced Sir Henry Irving's favorite, *The Bells*, and on other nights this week he will present *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Cardinal Richelieu*, *Othello*, and a new and romantic play entitled *Banished by the King*. Mr. Shea is a finished actor free from staginess natural and convincing; his support is good, and, judging by the houses, he should have a good week.

There is a fair bill at Shea's this week. The Kauffman Troupe of cyclists are sensational and do some really wonderful feats. *The Sunny South* is presented by a number of genuine darkies; theirs is a singing and dancing act and quite pleasing. A comedy sketch presented by Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry is entitled *A Skin Game*, in which some funny work is done. Bedini and Arthur juggle admirably and at the same time are humorous. *The Babes in the Jungle* is an original turn. Howard's dogs and ponies are well trained and seem to please. Vera King is a rather clever monologist and singer and her well-gowned charming appearance adds to the pleasure of the turn. Dixon and Anger appear in a talking act and succeed fairly well. The kinetograph completes the bill.

New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LUCKY DURHAM has proved a most unlucky find for Mr. E. S. Willard, unless the public, as sometimes happens, shows a perverseness that turns into a financial success what is already a flat-footed failure, from any dramatic, literary, or artistic standpoint. It will certainly need some such defiance of all the accepted canons of the stage to pull the piece through the season successfully.

When a popular, charming, gifted actor like Mr. Willard, with all the accessories of a fine stage presence, a splendid voice, a perfect command of his artistry, barely succeeds in saving his audience from utter boredom, the kind of play *Lucky Durham* is may be imagined. It deals only with the trite, the obvious, and the commonplace, and there is not a sentiment in it less than a hundred years old by the clock.

When we hear a lover apostrophized as “essentially a man” and the theory of reincarnation ventured as the explanation of the affinity she discovers in herself toward him; and when, what are intended for neat epigrams, prove no better than silly little compliments to “Americans” (in fact, “for export” is branded all over the piece), there is nothing to do but yawn. *Rip Van Winkle*, coming down from the mountain after his twenty years' nap, could not have been more hopelessly out of touch with contemporaneous thought than was Mr. Wilson Barrett when he wrote this play.

We are reminded in a dozen ways, at least, during the first act, that *Lord Mountfallon* is the illegitimate father of *John Durham*, when any one of the hints is broad enough to let a yoke of oxen through. And it is society's attitude toward this worthy, but “illegitimate” son, expressed in long, stale speeches, that provides most of the stage conversation.

There is hardly a convincing moment in the whole two hours and a half. Indeed, how could a plot, to avenge the “wrong” done to one's mother thirty years before, carry conviction in this day and age? What is there to avenge in the lot of a mother, happy in her surroundings, rich in the possession of a devoted, successful son, her secret known only to themselves? The climax is the limit of bathos. The mortgage on the Mountfallon estate has been foreclosed and *John Durham* is the owner. His life's dream of making his mother mistress of Mountfallon Castle is realized, but just at this moment of success the forgiving one enters and says, “Don't do it, John.” And John doesn't. He makes *Lord Mountfallon* a present of the estate, notwithstanding that he has once gambled it away, and that *Durham* has just paid a few odd hundred thousand pounds for it.

Mr. Willard did all he possibly could do with the part, all that any one could do, in fact. He rose to every dramatic occasion with perfect ease and splendor, while shades of *The Cardinal*, *The Middleman* and *Judith* flitted across our vision. For the rest of the time he simply loafed or tried his best to look engaging and charming. There was nothing else he could do. The smile that took the audience into his fullest confidence, suggesting subtle terms of intimacy, was sweetness itself, and only perplexed us the more, as to his own mental attitude toward his lines. It is impossible that one of his brains should be deceived in the quality of his offering, and there is, therefore, only left the suspicion that something akin to chivalry toward a lovable fellow actor, whatever his ability as a playwright, prompted the effort.

A splendid first night audience was on hand to greet this

old English favorite, and his first entrance (by the way, how those entrances were made ready—for Barrett!) was the signal for a fine burst of applause. But it only emphasized the sadness and disappointment, that an actor of Mr. Willard's parts, whom we are always anxious to see, should be wasted on such an impossible play.

Its impossibility in New York has been admitted, and this week Mr. Willard presents a play new to this city, but already given in Toronto under the title of *The Optimist*, an adaptation, you will remember, of Alfred Capus' *La Châtelaine*. This play is now to be called *The Brighter Side*, and while it does not provide a role equal to some of Mr. Willard's better known parts, it will be a very agreeable change from *Lucky Durham*, and should prove the popular New York success that Mr. Willard hopes for.

New plays are to follow, among them a new version of *Tom Gallon's Letter*, rewritten by the author, wherein Mr. Willard will double the parts of an old miser and his devoted servant.

Mr. Edward Terry has been appearing this week in still another comedy, *Love in Idleness*, a product of the united literary efforts of Louis N. Parker, E. J. Goodman, and Mr. Terry himself. This is the comedy that by Royal command was played before their Majesties the King and Queen (then their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales) at Sandringham, Mr. Terry appearing in his original character of *Mortimer Pendlebury*. The quaint little comedy has succeeded in providing Mr. Terry with an excellent part, but as a play it is somewhat thin, failing far short of *The House of Burnside* or even *Sweet Lavender*.

Mortimer Pendlebury is a very lovable fellow, but, through his disposition to procrastinate and take life in comfortable naps, he not only misses opportunities for himself, but places his relatives and friends in rather embarrassing situations. His attempts to retrieve himself, however, and cultivate the strenuous, only result in still worse mischief, and after one “busy” day in town, he returns to his cottage at Marlow-on-Thames to bask again in the warm sunshine and—in the love of the woman he had lost in his younger days. For in this, as in all comedy, everything is arranged to the ultimate satisfaction and delight of everybody. Even “Lone Reef” shares that the old procrastinator neglected to sell when he could, following the rising barometer of happiness, leap from sixpence to twenty pounds a share, and net the holder a tidy little fortune.

Mortimer's day of “strenuous life” in town, set to a comic time-table, was a humorous reflection on contemporary life, say, in strenuous New York, where the task itself is often slight enough—Lord knows!—but where the effort to properly energize oneself for it is truly nerve-racking. The result is that condition of mind we observe as busyness. Busy, busy, busy. Too busy to eat, too busy to be civil, too busy even to—work!

The old Madison Square Theater, that has remained dark since the fire scare of a year ago, was re-opened to the public this week, and in its garb of new paint and new plush has added another to the many attractive theaters in this City of Theaters. It was always a cosy house, and the resolute tone of its decoration, in golden brown, only adds to this general feeling of cosiness. As long as the management, too, provides such an excellent company of players as are now playing *Mrs. Temple's Telegram*, there need be no doubt that this theater, with all its delightful old associations, will be speedily restored to public favor. It is out of the Trust, but, happily, in that movement toward high-class stock companies, for which theater-lovers have long been sighing.

The exploitation of fifth magnitude “stars,” with many sad efforts to enhance their doubtful luminosity, by flaming advertisement and dazzling limelight, has now had its day, let us hope. For, with the restoration of the stock company and the days of repertory, may come some serious (not serio-comic!) attempt to qualify as actors, in place of this modern, corset-fitting process, which consists in sending its bust and waist measure, in a carriage, and leaves the playwright to do the rest. You will have an illustration of the process in Toronto this week. Only, in the present instance, you have the corset of no less renowned a maker than Mr. I. Zangwill.

Mrs. Temple's Telegram is a jolly little farce made up of clever, possible, situations, and in the hands of this exceptionally good company, provides an excellent entertainment. *Mr. Jack Temple* has been out all night. Machinery went wrong in the Ferris wheel and his car stuck in mid-air. You smile at the invention, so did *Mrs. Temple*, or would have had she been less angry, and *Jack Temple*, realizing that truth this time was stranger than any fiction, fell back on fiction. He substitutes a story of a night in the country with an old friend, missing the last train to town and finding the telegraph office closed. On a, quite literally, cross-examination, it developed that the friend was *John Brown*, Elm avenue, Pickelton, and *Mrs. Temple*, anxious to prove her husband innocent (?), secretly despatched a telegram to the fictitious name and address. *Temple* discovers this, and his old friend, *Frank Fuller*, arriving in the nick of time, undertakes to impersonate the spurious *Brown*, convince *Mrs. Temple*, and restore the family happiness.

Unfortunately for the success of the impromptu plot, there happened to be a real *John Brown* at Elm avenue, Pickelton, and a very real *Mrs. Brown*. These supplied the broader elements of the farce. The real *John Brown* was a hair-dresser in a city establishment, and for the further probability of things had sometimes dressed *Mrs. Temple's* hair. Her infatuation, committed to the urgency of a telegram, he understood at once. So did *Mrs. Brown*, who finds the telegram in her husband's desk. They both arrive at the *Temple* home, 99 Curzon street, Mayfair, London, and the complications that result are all very funny.

Mr. Frank Worthing, who was Julia Marlowe's lead a couple of seasons ago, gave a really capital performance of *Jack Temple*, proving himself a thoroughly finished and refined actor. He ought to be well to the front in the younger school of actors.

Mr. William Morris, who is already well known on the local stage, made a real hit as *Frank Fuller*, and every other member of the cast has been chosen and fitted with such perfect nicely, that “finish” is the rare and distinguishing quality of the whole performance. It is a pleasure to record anything that reaches such a high level of excellence. A little less high, of course, than Arnold Daly's or Mrs. Fiske's companies, but the fact that its work can be thought of in the same connection as the others is sufficient praise, perhaps, for the modest company of Madison Square Theater.

Madame Réjane delighted us with another short visit this week, appearing in *Ma Cousine, La Passerelle, l'Hirondelle, Camille*, and *Zaza*—a series of six farewell performances prior to her return to France. The new *Liberty* was the most available play-house, and the fashionable audiences that attend on this queen of the comedy stage taxed its capacity to the utmost.

Madame thought that one of the Toronto papers seemed rather disappointed that she did not play in English. She also thinks you are all very nice, and only wishes there were more of you . . .

The only new announcement for the coming week, in addition to the change already mentioned in Mr. Willard's bill, is that of Ada Rehan in classical repertoire. *Taming of the Shrew* will occupy the boards for the first part of the engagement, to be followed by this actress' still more famous rôle of *Lady Teasle* in *School for Scandal*.

Rumor has it that Mr. Arnold Daly will later on produce *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. It is a startling rumor, to say the least, and the advent of this woman on an actual stage will be viewed with quite as much alarm as interest.

It is, undoubtedly, a screamingly funny comedy, and the properly, or, to be less dogmatic, let us say, thoroughly sophisticated conscience, will take nothing but enjoyment out of it. But, alas! how many are we. Since my first reading of the comedy, I have mentally cast Mrs. Fiske for the title rôle, just as many others have no doubt done, and I can't yet think of another quite equal to all the demands of the delicate part. A rôle so risqué will need the sure touch of a finished artist. Surrounded, as Mrs. Fiske is, by the best acting company in New York, what a production she could give us! Arnold Daly can also produce it none better, but where is *Mrs. Warren* to be found?

J. E. W.



"GO WHERE GLORY WAITS YOU!"
Governor of Madagascar (anxious to speed the lingering guest)—"Must you stay? Can't you go?"—Punch.

Old Rocksey—If I let you marry my daughter I'd have to support both of you. *Jack Harduppe*—I don't see how that would make any difference to you, sir. Your daughter has often told me that two can live for the same as one.

Two Storyettes by Lewis.

TWO CHAPTERS OF A DEER STORY.

CHAPTER I.

HERE were five in the hunting party, but the doctor and the lawyer are the only two that count in this veracious story. They had gone a-hunting, mainly for their health, but incidentally for deer. The lawyer was constitutionally and professionally after everything in sight, while the doctor was the sort of man that attended to the case in hand. Deer in the bush were too indefinite and the doctor devoted himself to the pursuit of something which he pronounced in the same way but spelled differently. He probably gained as much in health, except for frequent palpitations of the heart, as the lawyer, who barked his shins careering through pine bristles and clambering the rocky precipices of Northern Ontario, did in pursuing the tortuous trail of the Canadian red deer through the wild wood.

She was a Canadian girl, and admired the manly qualities of the lawyer, who would lie uncomfortably crouched behind a rock for half a day waiting for a harmless, beautiful little animal to be driven up by the fierce-tongued dogs in order to drive a bullet into its terror-stricken heart. The lawyer would say was sweet to the soul of the huntsman after his shot at twenty yards had brought down the quarry to drive his knife into its quivering throat. He said that the venison would spoil if that wasn't done quickly, and he called it sport.

All the traditions of her race had told the girl that the lawyer was a manly man, that the man who would sneak up behind one of the most beautiful of God's creatures that lives the life that God has given under the conditions that God has provided, was doing something approaching the heroic and she tried to think so, and tried to persuade herself that the doctor, who read poetry books to her, pressed flowers and plants in a great big book, and spliced the broken leg of a pointer pup, was nice and kind, but he was not at all like the "knights of derring-do" she read about and expected to meet. The lawyer wasn't, either, but she didn't know that. The knights she had read about were generally dressed cap-a-pie in beautiful shining armor, and talked blank verse through their helmets, but the lawyer, rigged up



Arranged in a blanket draped toga-like.

with the trappings of the chase, strewn picturesquely around his person, seemed as near as the twentieth century could get to the middle ages.

The doctor, who quoted poetry about a sunset and grew enthusiastic about a common or garden plant, seemed congenial to her. But the doctor had read books on the human understanding and waited his chance.

She and the doctor had been paddling around the lake one morning, absorbing the effects of light and shade on the shimmering lake with its rock-girt shores fringed by the darkling pines and balsams, when the voices of the deep-tongued hounds could be heard.

The lawyer in his canoe was on the alert a few hundred yards away, awaiting the arrival of the deer. Deeper and closer sounded the baying of the dogs, and the girl stopped paddling to listen with the trembling eagerness those notes always beget. The doe and fawn appeared on the shore, and the mother hesitated for a moment, but a ferocious roar a few hundred yards away decided the bewildered, fear-stricken creature and she plunged into the lake. A few minutes afterwards there was a quick report of a rifle, and with its echoes there mingled the bleating, pathetic notes of the fawn for its mother. The girl and the doctor paddled over half an hour later to the hunting camp, and the girl was thoughtful. The voice of the fawn had gone to the eternal woman-heart, and when they arrived at the camp and found the lawyer, who had carelessly capsized into the lake after his shot, arrayed in a blanket, draped toga-like, carving up the deer, with blood to his elbows, she was quieter than ever. For the lawyer didn't look well in Roman costume, and his legs weren't his strong point.

CHAPTER II.

It was after dinner, in the smoking-room of the doctor's house in Toronto, a week ago, and we were talking about deer-hunting. We asked him if he and the lawyer had had any luck last year in the north, when the voice of a woman calling us to coffee came from the doorway.

"Yes," said he quietly, with a quick glance at the graceful curtain-draped figure who bade us come. "One each."

The quick responsive blush was more than the paltry pun deserved, but they had been married only six weeks.

A CANADIAN MARK TAPLEY.

E was an Irish-Canadian, but we called him Mark Tapley. His proper name was O'Connell or O'Donnell, but when you are living with a flying column of a few thousand men whom you never met until a week before, and may never meet again a week after, you haven't time to remember the names given by their godfathers and godmothers at their baptism. You call them by some peculiarity and the name generally sticks. Mark had come to South Africa in a horse transport and was up to the front with the Kimberley relief column ostensibly in some capacity in the transport service, but really on his life mission of hunting for trouble and



He was not getting many, but expected his luck would change.

incidentally enjoying it.

It was a couple of days after the big fight at Modder River and Lord Methuen, the commander of the column, not finding enough dead Boers located in the surrounding scenery to provide statistics for his official report, ordered the Modder River to be fished for them. Some general officers' strong point is a statistical report. And Mark was one of the men assigned to that cheerless task. And he enjoyed it. He told me with a smile as he looked up from groping in a mud-hole for a possible body that "he wasn't gettin' many, but expected his luck would change soon."

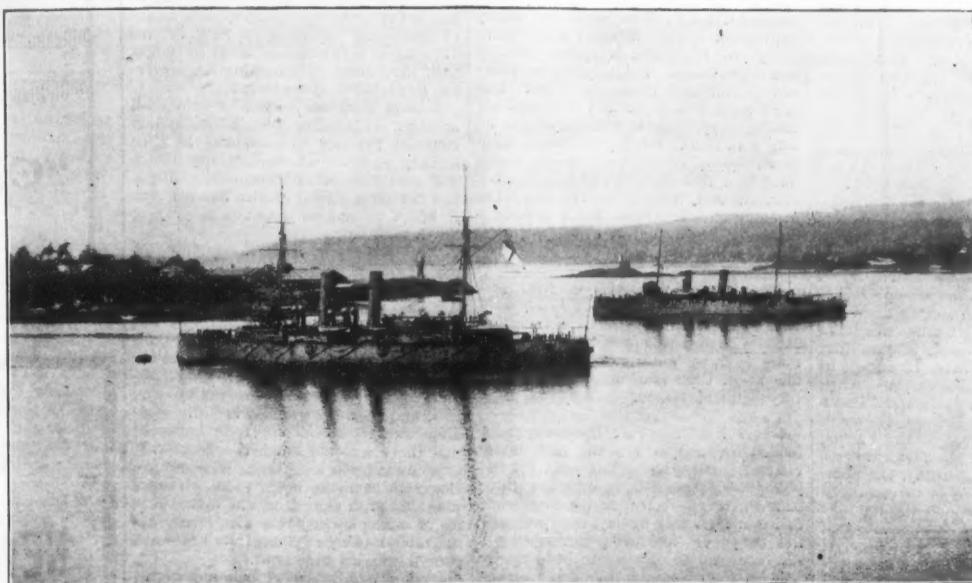
Towards nightfall Lord Methuen and his glittering staff rode up and inspected the row of ghastly bodies that were laid on the shore, and Mark Tapley, dripping wet, stood in their midst, shivering cheerfully. He huskily answered the

Deserted Esquimalt



ITHIN a few weeks all the war vessels belonging to what was known as the Pacific Squadron will have sailed from the harbor of Esquimalt, Vancouver Island, stored and trimmed for England, in obedience to the summons of the British Admiralty. There are, at this writing, only three vessels of the squadron remaining. They are H. M.'s second-class cruiser *Bonaventure*, which arrived on the station only last summer, the little gunboat, or sloop-of-war, *Shearwater*, and the old-fashioned survey ship *Egeria*. The *Bonaventure* is now preparing for her voyage to England, and will sail from Esquimalt on the 1st of March, bound for Portsmouth. The *Shearwater* will follow in the same month for the same destination, and the *Egeria* will remain on the station only long enough to complete certain hydrographical work on which she has been engaged during the past year. At the naval yard all is bustle and energy, all

store-houses, and brick and stone barracks are to be closed and abandoned indefinitely. The British Government spent \$15,000,000 a year for the upkeep of Esquimalt, and the Pacific Squadron. The fleet spent in Victoria, it is estimated roughly, considerably more than \$1,000,000 a year. When H.M.S. *Wasp* was flagship she alone spent in Victoria \$305,000 every year, exclusive of the officers' private expenditures at clubs, etc., which were very large. Scores of firms in Victoria depended upon the navy for their prosperity, almost for their existence. Sir John Fisher's sudden order to concentrate the fleets in the home waters has hit those traders hard. It has been an awful blow to the pretty capital of British Columbia, no matter what may be said to soften it. Esquimalt was worth to Victoria hundreds of thousands of dollars a year from the strictly business or commercial point of view; but to this must be added the indirect and perhaps somewhat variable benefits derived from

ESQUIMALT HARBOR, NAVY YARD, NAVY DOCK AND LIGHTHOUSES.
H.M. Cruisers *Grafton* and *Bonaventure* at anchor.

hands being busy packing up the naval belongings for shipment "home." The big steamer *Keenam* of the China Mutual Line, plying between the United Kingdom and Puget Sound, via the Suez Canal, China and Japan, sailed January 20 from Esquimalt naval wharf with a thousand tons of naval supplies, transferred from Esquimalt to Hong Kong. Other large merchant steamers have been taking their share, and now only a few tons remain to be shipped across the Pacific or home to England. All the big guns (9.2), with which the rock fort, Signal Hill, commanding the Royal roads, and a long stretch of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, was to be armed, have been despatched to the China station, Hong Kong, and all the ammunition for those guns was taken home to Portsmouth by H.M.S. *Grafton*, the flagship of the Pacific Squadron, last November. Signal Hill fort, constructed at enormous expense, employing an army of men for two years, and involving the cutting out of the center of a huge mass of exceedingly hard rock, the boring of galleries and ammunition rooms; the consumption of thousands of barrels of the finest Portland cement specially imported from England, is to be left empty and silent; ungarisoned and unarmed, and the naval yard, dry-dock, hospital,

is the tourist traffic drawn thither by the presence of the British war vessels and establishment. Every summer thousands of tourists visited Esquimalt, coming from the Pacific coast and inland Western States to see those examples of Britain's world-girdling power. They will hardly come now to view the place where once the meteor flag flew from trim cruisers' masts, and the morning and evening bugles passed on the signal that England was here "Ready, aye, Ready!" Add this unfortunate change in the naval conditions to the already difficult financial position of the province as a whole, a position that is taxing the ingenuity of skilful financiers to meet, and causing the gravest anxiety to all, and it will be admitted that the new year has opened in British Columbia in a fashion that is, fortunately, very unusual. What Victoria will do to make good the loss of the navy is yet uncertain, but sundry projects, chiefly of an industrial kind, are under consideration. Victoria's great natural beauty, superb situation, fine climate, the fact that it is the provincial capital, and many other minor advantages, are assets which an intelligent and enterprising people can turn to highly lucrative account.

Victoria, B.C. T. L. GRAHAME.

questions asked.

"Very bad cold you have, my man," said Methuen finally, gathering up his reins and giving the signal to move. "Oh yes, my lord, it's pretty bad," Mark hoarsely and brightly whispered, bringing his hand smartly to his helmet, "but," and he pointed to the row of dead men lying stiff and cold on the rocky shore, "I guess any one of them fellers 'd be mighty glad to have it."

Mark always looked on the cheerful side of life.

LEWIS.

Musings of a Mild Man.

N view of the soft south-western breathings of "Hogtown" the people of Toronto rejoice that the newspapers never commence a paragraph with "We learn from Hamilton."

If Russia is really anxious for another water carnival with Japan, why should not the Exhibition directors have the affair pulled off on Lake Ontario near Exhibition

Park? This would avoid for the time being the charge that the attractions are of very low merit.

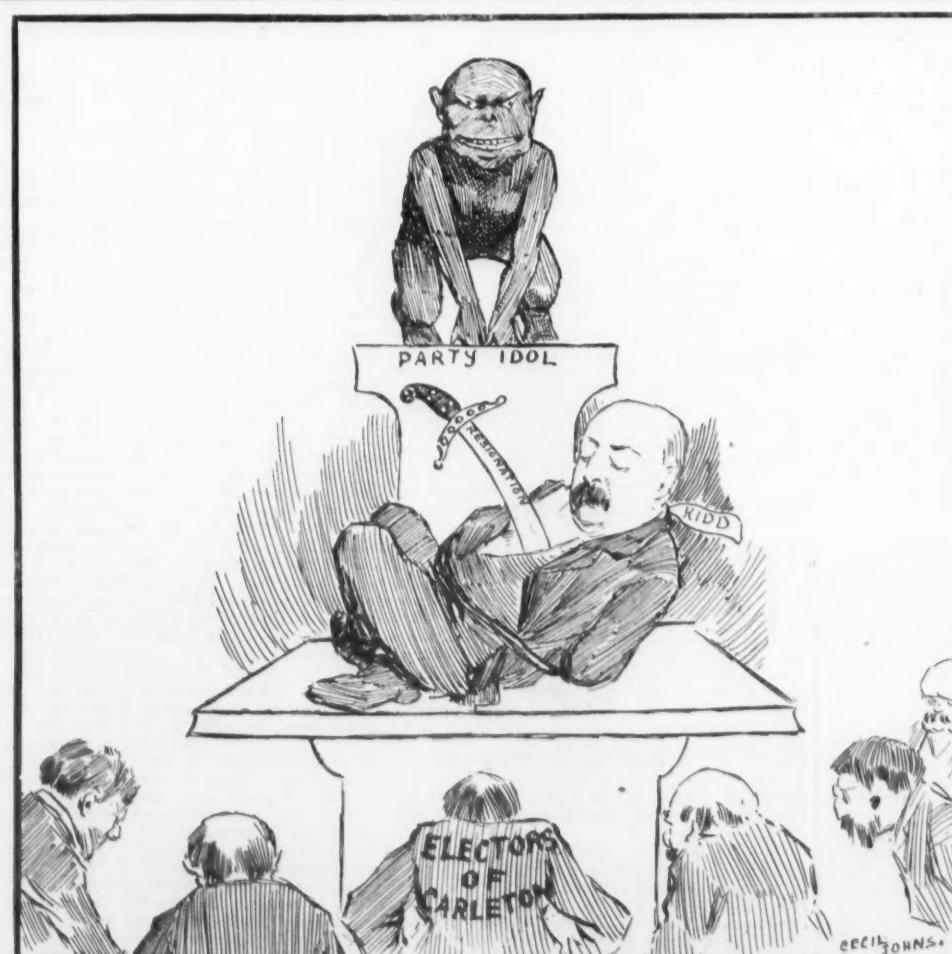
Missionary money is like advice: a little of it goes a long way.

When someone commences a conversation with "I don't believe in running down anyone," you may hope to hear a nice palatable bit of scandal.

For the next ten or twelve weeks the Toronto ball team, in common with seven other similar organizations, will be 1905 champions of the Eastern League.

A man takes off his coat not because he wants to fight, nor to gain greater freedom of movement, but rather to impress the spectators and cow his antagonist.

Her tartan dress just passed her knee; she was an ardent golferite. "I mean to wear it, dear," said she. "Why shouldn't I? I have, you see, a perfect right." He glanced upon her stockings tight, observed each graceful curve and swell; then murmured, "Yes"—as well he might—"I see you have a perfect right, and left as well!"

BACK TO BARBARIC RITES.
In Carleton, the other day, a Kidd was sacrificed upon a heathen altar.

In Memory

OF THE LATE ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN, WHO DIED ON FEBRUARY 10, 1899.

H E was the herald of the Spring,
The weeping clouds, the laughing earth—
Now April breezes seem to bring
A note of mourning in their mirth.

With him we see the sweeping scythe
And drink the field's sweet fragrance in;
We list the music, wild and blithe,
Of his loved choristers begin.

He sang the splendor of the days
Of Autumn, and the fleecy clouds
That watch, like children in amaze,
The tossing maples' scarlet shrouds.

His song was of the silent snow,
The frosty air, the trembling trees,
The glory of the sunset glow,
And Winter's wondrous mysteries.

He sang not in the stirring words
That rouse strong men to fight—and die;
His lyre was set to sweater chords
Than war's wild note and battle-cry.

But he, the dreamer, soared above
The circling centuries and saw
The age of men whose creed is love,
Whose honor is their only law.

He needs no shaft of stone. His pen
A more enduring fame has lent,
For in the myriad hearts of men
He built his own best monument.

Toronto, February 6. W. S. WIGGINS.

A Mark Twain Anecdote.

The following story comes from York Harbor, Maine: "Say, yer know that literary chap that hed the Furness cottage up on the hill, two years ago last summer—Mark Twain, I b'lieve they called 'im. Gee! ye'd never think ter look at 'im that he could write books!"

"Wal, he useter come over ter my house an' set fer hours to a time while I spun yarns an' told 'im abaout York folks an' things. Seemed ter be real sociable-like—liked ter smoke an' talk, an' joke with an old fool like me."

"Wal, one day he come ter me lookin' kind o' worried like, an' his hair was all ruffled up like he'd been aout in a stiff nor'easter, an' he sez: 'Cap'n Brooks, can you tell me if there is an osteopath at the Harbor?' 'Wal,' sez I, 'the' mebbe, but I ain't never ketched one on 'em an' I've been fishin' here nigh onter forty years.' He looked at me kind o' queer, an' then sed he guessed he'd go up ter the drug-store an' inquire.

"Wal, I went home an' told the old woman abaout it, an' site sez: 'You big fool, Jed Brooks, tain't no fish, 'ts a bird.' So then I went inter the best room an' took daown the cyclopedium my boy Steve hed when he was ter Harvard College, an' I'll be durned if it wa'n't no fish at all, nor no bird neither, but a new-fangled kind of a doctor!"

The Three Sons.

A poor man called his three sons round.
And then to them he said,
"I can't support you all, I've found,
So you must earn your bread."

"Out in the world I bid you go,
Your fortunes for to seek;
I'm sorry, but it must be so;
You'll leave within a week."

"In five years all return to me,
And tell me what you've done.
I hope I shall have cause to be
Proud of each mother's son."

Now John was strong, and James was smart,
And Tom was fair to see,
Each started out with beating heart,
A-wondering what to be.

The five years passed, and strong John came
Back home to see his pa;
He said, "I've not disgraced our name—
I run a trolley-car!"

Smart James the next one to return;
A drummer on the road
Was he; he told what he could earn;
His samples, too, he showed.

And then Tom drove up to the door,
(Remember, he was "fair")—
He said, "My wife is eighty-four—
But she's a millionaire!"

At Shea's Next Week.

As a headliner for next week, Mr. Shea has secured Howard Thurston, the magician. Mr. Thurston is coming this time with an act which is said to eclipse all other efforts of illusionists and to be the very finest in vaudeville. Mr. Thurston carries seven assistants and everything is produced in the most lavish manner. Things seem to be where they are not, appear when they are not there, and disappear when they do not. Mr. Thurston has been in Toronto before, but never with this act, and he is sure to be a big drawing card. Melville and Stetson, two old friends who are ever popular in Toronto, will be another special attraction on the bill. They have a lot of new stories and songs and are said to be funnier than ever. Julia Kingsley has not been seen at Shea's for several years, and she is coming next week, assisted by Mr. Nelson Lewis, in a one-act farce entitled *Her Uncle's Niece*. Miss Kingsley is a very beautiful young woman with a most attractive personality and in the character of *Louisa Freeloze* she is at her best. This character is said to fit her even better than did that of *Angela* in the sketch called *Super for Two*. Another act that is new to Toronto will be the De Koe Trio, a recently imported European acrobatic novelty which is said to excel anything in this line. There have been several acts shown where two men do head to head balancing, but in this act there are three and their work is both sensational and astounding. Lew Hawkins, the "Chesterfield" of minstrelsy, will have a lot of new stories and new songs. Hawkins is one of the best black-face comedians in vaudeville, and has a great many friends in Toronto who will be delighted to hear of his return. Steely, Doty and Cee will offer an entirely new comedy musical act, and one that is said to be exceedingly good. They play on various musical instruments, always have new and up-to-date selections, and their comedy is refined and pleasing. Klein and Clifton, singing and dancing act; the kinograph, with new pictures, and one or two other acts will complete a very strong bill.

Chips.

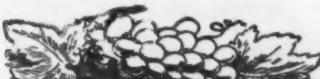
He—I am going to kiss you! She—Well, I like that!

It is the work that other people do for them that makes men rich, not the work that they do for themselves.

"Stop!" cried the old maid as the burglar made for the window. "Can't," replied the burglar. "I'm a married man."

Medical Student—What is the surest sign of convalescence? *Old Practitioner*—When the patient begins to make love to his nurse.

"Well, Hardiuk, if I had as many troubles as you have I believe I'd commit suicide." "So I would in a minute, only my wife looks so fascinating in black."

**An Improvement on Nature.**

Nature gives us fruit to keep us healthy. But fruit can't bring back health after we lose it. It takes something more effective than fresh fruit to cure Stomach, Liver and Kidney Diseases.

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets

are fruit juices in tablet form. We improve on nature by our secret process. By it, we so change the medicinal action of the fruit, that "Fruit-a-tives" are rendered effective enough to cure Constipation, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Indigestion and Sick Kidneys.

If you want to be rid of these troubles, ask your druggist for a box of "Fruit-a-tives." They never fail, 50c. a box.

FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

Stop Grippe at Cook's Baths

An ounce of perspiration is worth a pound of cure:

If you feel that "Grippe" feeling coming on, don't wait to "see." Come right to Cook's Turkish Baths and stop it by Nature's own process—perspiration. You can come in here after office hours, have a dainty repast, and leave early if you wish, or stay all night. In any case, you will have no grippe.

Prices: 6 to 9 p.m., 75c. Before 6 p.m., during day, and all night, including sleeping accommodation, \$1.00.

Cook's Turkish Baths
202-204 King St. West, Toronto.

Foot Comfort For Elderly People

Elder people will find perfect foot comfort if they wear Dr. Reed's Cushion Shoe.

Sold exclusively by
H. & B. BLACHFORD
114 Yonge Street

ADVANCE NOTICE

Established 1902. I have now over 5000 customers. Some of them wish to examine various magazines before ordering, others wish to read certain articles in certain magazines but do not wish to subscribe to that magazine for a whole year. Therefore, I am opening in connection with my NEW OFFICE a

Free Magazine Reading Room

(Ready on and after Feb. 10, '05) Current issues of all desired publications will be kept in the library in connection. It will be at the disposal of each and every magazine may be at your service.

ERNEST H. LAWSON

New address 114½ Yonge Street (over Blachford's)



Wholesale from GEO. J. FOY, Toronto.
Retail from MICHEL & CO.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

Preston Springs, Ont.

The popular Health Resort and Mineral Springs under new management. Renovated throughout. Excellent cuisine.

J. W. HIRST & SONS, Prop.

Late of the F. Lott House, Toronto.

Mrs. Meyer's

Banquet and Refreshment Parlors

BALL ROOM in best condition.

Catering for large or small parties.

Tel. Park post. 128 Queen West. Mrs. P. V. Meyer

Social and Personal.

Admiral Sir Arthur Knyvet Wilson and the Misses Knyvet Wilson announce the marriage of their cousin, Miss Edith Alicia St. Lawrence Wilson, to Mr. Arthur Maximilian Bethune. The marriage took place on Saturday, January 21, at Swaffham, Norfolk, England. Toronto friends of Mrs. Bethune and her brother, Mr. Arthur Wilson, recently ordered to England by the Bank of Commerce, on whose staff he was here, will send hearty congratulations to the bride on hearing of her happy marriage.

Mr. H. D. P. Armstrong left on Monday for England. The marriage of Miss Helen Armstrong, only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, and Mr. Harrison Jones, son of Mr. Clarkson Jones of Queen's Park, takes place on the 22nd. Mr. George Thorneycroft of Dunstan Hall, North Stafford, England, will give the wedding and breakfast. Mr. Jones and his bride will sail on February 24 for Uruguay, where Mr. Jones has received the appointment of railway electrical engineer on a new road.

The dance given by the sergeants of the 48th Highlanders in McConkey's ball-room on Friday last was quite a brilliant affair, the officers and their friends turning out in numbers on the invitation of the non-coms, and the handsome uniforms of the corps giving a dashing touch to the *mise en scène*.

Some of the officers made up a very jolly party of twenty-two, for dinner at McConkey's, and afterwards for the dance, among them being Major Robertson, Major and Mrs. Hendrie of Hamilton, and their hosts, Major Michie, Mrs. Cowan and the Misses Messrs. Michie, Miss Ealiene Melvin-Jones and Miss Grace McTavish, Miss Phenice Smith, Lieutenant and Mrs. Wilson, Captain and the Misses Cosby, Dr. Duncan McLennan, and two or three others.

The table was brilliant with daffodils and bright red ribbons, and the informal little feast was very much enjoyed. At the hour appointed His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Elise Clark, attended by Commander Law, A.D.C., entered the ball-room to the strains of the national anthem. The entrance of the officers and non-commissioned officers was a grand march gone through with all the dash and color which the handsome uniforms and beautiful dresses of the company could lend. . . . Mortimer Clark wore white satin with small red and pink rosebuds on corsage and coiffure. Colonel and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Hospital Sergeant Ross and Sergeant-Major Kirkness received the guests. Mrs. Campbell Macdonald wore white satin with applications of fine white lace, and some handsome jewels. Colonel and Mrs. Davidson were also among the guests, the ex-commander of the splendid regiment looking his very best in the kilts, and his lady in a smart white gown. With them came Miss Homer Dixon in a pretty black dress, Mrs. W. Hendrie of Hamilton was in white and black, and with her stalwart husband, Major Hendrie, made a fine couple. Miss Melvin-Jones wore a pretty green flowered guaze gown, touched with paillettes, and looked very well in it. Miss Phenice Smith was in cream, looking dainty as usual. Mrs. Cowan looked lovelier than ever and the Misses Michie all that was smart and happy. Two honored guests were a past president of St. Andrew's Society, Dr. Kennedy, and Mrs. Kennedy, who watched the Scotch dances with much pleasure. When the Government House party said good-night at half-past eleven, the stalwart officers and men gathered at the ball-room doors and gave them three rousing cheers as a send-off. Supper was served at twelve o'clock in the cafe, and a very nice supper it was. The dance went with a *verve* not often seen, and the Scotchmen may put "another feather in their bonnets" on the success of it. The best of good feeling was shown on all sides; the hosts were proud of their guests, and vice versa.

On Thursday evening, February 2, the sergeants of the Queen's Own Rifles gave their annual dance in the Temple ball-room, and the colonel and his handsome wife, who wore a lovely gown of black lace appliquéd with velvet, and several of the officers and their wives honored the young men's very jolly ball. Mrs. Davidson and Mrs. James George were very prettily gowned in black *point d'esprit* and lace. Mrs. Mason was in white, a becoming and smart gown. The Q.O.R. band played most inspiring music, one two-step recalling a piece made familiar by the famous buglers of the regiment, and being a real "grave opener," as an enthusiast remarked. The smart riflemen were out in great force, and any number of pretty girls were of the party. The regimental red and rifle green were used in the decorations, and the dais was amibushed in fine palms, behind which light-tinted robes were dimly visible. Supper was nicely served in the usual room, and afterwards the dance was renewed with much vigor.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Givin, late of 853 Bathurst street, are now settled at 484 Spadina avenue, for the winter. Mrs. Alexander Macpherson (Mrs. Givin's mother) is at present visiting a sister (Mrs. John Cunningham) at Huntingdon, P.Q. Later on she will join Mr. Macpherson in Ottawa, where they will reside. Mr. Macpherson has a position in connection with the Georgian Bay ship canal survey.

The cost of electric lighting in a large city must necessarily be greater than in a small town on account of the greater cost of distribution, etc., but it is safe to say that a house can be lighted more cheaply in Toronto than in any city of similar size in America.

The citizens of Toronto are coming more and more to realize the truth of this and every available wireman in the city is in consequence kept busy installing wires for electric lighting purposes.

sorts. The waitresses were the Misses Hagarty, Miss Phillips, Miss Pearl Macdonald, the Misses Nordheimer of Glenhyde, Miss Edith Harman, Miss Murray, Miss Walder of Glenhurst, Miss Kingsford, Miss Darling of Ravensmount, Miss Strathy, Miss Biscoe of Guelph. The very large number of guests precludes mention of them, but they were a very happy party.

Swami Abhedananda, whose lecture on Friday night filled the Conservatory Music Hall with an audience not to be easily matched for culture and broad thought, met with much attention during his visit of four days in Toronto. He visited Trinity College and conversed with the Chancellor and the Provost, and had an interesting talk with Professor Clark also. He was entertained at a most delightful supper on Sunday night, and though his abstemious diet did not always permit of his joining in feasts, his brilliant mind and ready expression always invested these gatherings of friends with special interest and significance. Mr. Godfrey of Pearson avenue and Professor Mavor had the Swami for dinner and afternoon tea on Saturday, and on Thursday night he was with the University Historical Club at Professor Wrong's. There is every likelihood that he will again be invited to visit and lecture in Toronto. On Monday Swami Abhedananda left for New York in the evening.

Miss Elsie Wilmore, a beautiful girl from Montreal, arrived on Tuesday on a visit to her cousin, Miss Enid Wormum. Miss Wilmore will attend the gay functions of next week and stop over for the Yacht Club ball, the climax of this very brilliant season.

Never has St. Valentine's day been looked forward to with the same interest and enthusiasm as this year, for the young world is all agog over the paper ball which is to celebrate the fourteenth of February. Day by day, the "possibilities of paper" are being developed. I saw a dream of a frock to be worn by a sweet Scotch lassie, the other day, representing a thistle, flower and leaves, quite the daintiest thing one could wish to wear. There are to be eight of these Scotch thistles in a set, and the brave ones who dare the wounds of the thorns are needless to say, to be eight gallant kilties!

Miss Hertzberg of the Junction gave a very pleasant little tea to some of her young friends on Wednesday afternoon of last week. Some of those present were: Mrs. and Miss Enid Goings, Miss Etches, the Misses Manson, Miss Rogers, Miss Freda Johnston, Miss Alice DuVernet, Miss May Jennings.

Mrs. A. B. Barry of Spadina avenue was the hostess of a "Mikado" tea on Friday afternoon. The hostess received her guests in the drawing-room, gowned in grey voile over violet taffeta, trimmed with white lace, and a bunch of violets at the corsage. The dining-room was charmingly arranged into a genuine Japanese tea-room. The table was done with handsome yellow silk centerpiece, embroidered in silk and gold, and an old silver ewer stood in the center, filled with Japanese primroses and terns wreathed in English ivy, the whole shaded softly with a large candelabra of Japanese lights. Those who assisted at the table were Mrs. Allan, Miss Armstrong, the Misses Ross and Miss Marie Hearn, all gowned in silk kimonos. The guests were: Mrs. John McClelland, Mrs. Mason, the Misses Mason, Mrs. Charles Ricketts, Mrs. Philip Dykes, Mrs. Wilton Eddis, the Misses Eddis, Mrs. J. A. Ready, the Misses Ready, Mrs. G. P. Schofield, Mrs. Charles Brooke, Miss Whittemore, Mrs. R. F. Massie, Mrs. Hewett Oliphant, Mrs. Darling, Mrs. Creighton, Mrs. Willmott, Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Halliday Watt, Mrs. George Ross, the Misses Cresswell, Mrs. T. B. Tindall, Mrs. W. H. Thorne, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. F. Grant Miller, Miss Miller, and others.

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How Famous Criminals Began.

THE following account of the first steps in the several notorious criminal lives was given in London *Answers*:

Druscoff, the famous detective, once declared that while it was wonderful how some of the famous criminals he captured had become criminals, there were others who appeared as if they could never have been anything else. The first step in crime was made by persons of the first class under the most various circumstances—passion, temptation, despair—but by the persons of the second class through what seemed sheer criminal instinct.

One of last week's pleasant affairs was Mrs. Acton Burrows' matinée bridge for her guest, Mrs. W. Sherar Grant of Winnipeg, which was followed by a tea, augmented by some more guests, who enjoyed half an hour in the hospitable home. Miss Blair Burrows and "Miss Annie" poured tea and waited on the company.

People who came late found a tremendous crowd at Mrs. Hagarty's tea on Thursday, February 2, the various bridge parties all over town contributing tardy guests, so that it became difficult for the hostess to know whether she were welcoming the coming or speeding the parting guest. Mrs. Hagarty received in a handsome grey gown, with white lace, steel and jet trimmings. Miss Sophie, who received with her mother, wore pale blue, and deep red roses. All through the suite of rooms and hall were quantities of flowers and in the dining-room a veritable "rose-bed garden of girls" surrounded the tea-table and glided among the throng with ices and dainties of all

sorts. The waitresses were the Misses Hagarty, Miss Phillips, Miss Pearl Macdonald, the Misses Nordheimer of Glenhyde, Miss Edith Harman, Miss Murray, Miss Walder of Glenhurst, Miss Kingsford, Miss Darling of Ravensmount, Miss Strathy, Miss Biscoe of Guelph. The very large number of guests precludes mention of them, but they were a very happy party.

to penal servitude for life said that the idea of forgery never occurred to him till it was suggested by the chance remark of a casual acquaintance whom he met in a London restaurant where he was dining.

The stranger chanced to allude to a forgery that had been committed, and remarked how clever a penman must be to be able to imitate a signature so closely that a skilled bank-clerk could not distinguish the forgery from the real one. "Jim" thought it would be easy, and pen, ink, and paper were brought for him to try his hand at imitating the stranger's signature. The result was so wonderful that the stranger remarked:

"You possess a dangerous gift, sir. A man might be tempted with it to do much, at a pinch."

Till that moment "Jim the Penman"—then James Saward, the barrister, desperate in want of money—declared he had never thought of forgery as a means of livelihood. The words rang in his ears as a revelation of how he might gain thousands. He became the cleverest forger of modern times.

A man does not become a coiner all at once. It requires long, laborious and constant practice to acquire the proficiency to turn out base money which will pass undetected from hand to hand. But the most casual chance has led men to adopt coining as a means of prey ing on their fellows.

Woodstock, the coiner, samples of whose marvelous work are to be seen in the Black Museum at Scotland Yard, was, as a young fellow, a tailor's assistant. One Saturday afternoon he was in a public-house in the South of London, with the girl to whom he was engaged. Upon her leaving, a stranger remarked to Woodstock how pretty she was, and jokingly asked when the wedding was to be. Woodstock lamented that there was not much chance of that happening for a long time. His meagre wages forbade the hope. The stranger was Draker, a coiner, and he hinted that if Woodstock—such a nice-faced, respectable-looking young fellow—was poor it was his own fault.

Draker had heaps of bad money he wanted passing. Woodstock tempestuously, and after a struggle with himself, consented to take some of the coins. He found them so defective, however, that they were difficult to pass, and he criticized Draker's work so severely that Draker invited him to "see if he could do better himself," and he would teach him all he knew. Woodstock easily surpassed his master. He had a wonderful gift for delicate manual work, and a brain to discover new methods. His "den," when he was at last run down by Inspector Fox, was found fitted with all the latest scientific machines that could be applied to counterfeit coin ing.

In the famous case of Martin Guerre, the launching on a criminal course was the result of an extraordinary chance and a sudden resolve. Martin Guerre was a soldier, and was mortally wounded in a skirmish in the north of France. Among his comrades was a man remarkably like him, and with whom Guerre had contracted a great friendship. The two used to be always together, and enjoyed the joke of their strange resemblance. Guerre's double was with him when he was dying, and Guerre, with his last breath, begged his comrade to carry some little trinkets he had to his wife at home. The double assented, and proceeded to fulfil his promise faithfully.

When he arrived at the village on his mission he learned that Guerre's wife had, during her husband's absence in the war, come into some little property through the death of a relation. He began to envy Martin Guerre's lot if he had lived. When the villagers saw him they began to exclaim, "Here's Martin Guerre!" By the time he arrived at the cottage door he had decided to act Martin's part, provided the dead man's wife was deceived by his similarity to her husband. She was, and the impostor took Martin Guerre's place. The wife only discovered the truth some twelve months later by the absence from the impostor's arm of a scar which Martin had borne.

Alice Grey, the girl impostor, who used to make a livelihood by accusing men of robbing her, and inciting all the spectators, the police, the Bar, and people in court to make subscriptions for her, while by her false accusations innocent persons were branded as thieves and condemned to jail, said that it was a pure accident which launched her on her horrible career. She really lost her purse one day at a railway station, and burst into tears on discovering her loss.

Alice Grey was so pretty, and sobbed so nicely, that a score of people were at once anxious to assist her. To her profound astonishment, she discovered her loss made up to her over and over again by charitable spectators.

The incident suggested a much easier way of making a living than by domestic service, and Alice Grey, a few days later, was weeping on another railway station platform. Passers-by asked the cause, and were told that she had had her purse snatched from her hand by a man whom she described. There was a hue-and-cry raised at once, and an unfortunate wretch was found exactly answering to Alice Grey's description. Almost unthinkingly, Alice Grey accused him.

"Oh, you hard-hearted creature, to rob a poor, innocent girl of her hard-earned savings!" she sobbed.

The man had been a good character, and although he loudly protested his innocence and nothing was found on him to connect him with the robbery, he was haled away, and Alice Grey found that she had gone so far that she could hardly now draw back. When the man was tried and found guilty, and condemned to four months' imprisonment, a collection was made in court for Alice Grey, and the whole thing "paid so well" that she became from that time a professional accuser of unfortunate people.

The first step in crime in the case of Goudie, the Liverpool bank-clerk, who robbed his bank of something like £170,000, was "manipulating" the books so as to hide his taking £40 to back a horse that was, the young fool thought, "bound to win." From the winnings he would

**"CANADIAN" RUBBERS**

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Peer and Peasant in the British Realm
have for more than a quarter of a century looked upon

Hunyadi János

Natural Laxative
Mineral Water

as the most efficient and yet most gentle remedy for CONSTIPATION and all complaints arising from a sluggish Liver. Half a tumblerful taken in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.

Society at the Capital

THE heart of the Ottawa *débutante* should indeed be satisfied this season with the number of most enjoyable dances that have transpired, every week that passes adding two or three to the already long list, and each one seeming to surpass its predecessor in point of elaborateness of detail.

The Racquet Court, which, with but few exceptions, has been the scene of action of all these gay doings, was again in gala attire on Friday evening, when Mrs. W. G. Perley, wife of the worthy M.P. for Argenteuil, had summoned a happy throng to partake in a ball given for Miss Laura Hespeler of Waterloo, who is Mrs. Perley's guest for the remainder of the season. To those who know the energetic and artistic qualities of the hostess, it is needless to say no pains had been spared in making the ball-room a "thing of beauty" and the rich crimson hangings which were festooned over doors and windows, combined with the many flags draped on the walls, presented a bright and comfortable appearance which was extremely welcome to the many guests arriving from the zero atmosphere outside, it being one of the coldest nights of the winter. Neither had the floral decorations been spared and quantities of palms, ferns, and white lilies formed a perfect wall at one end of the hall, while the ante-room where Mr. and Mrs. Perley and Miss Hespeler stood to receive their guests, was a perfect little conservatory.

Mrs. Perley wore one of the most magnificent gowns that have been seen this season, composed of the softest and filniest of cream chiffon, embroidered elaborately with gold, silver, and opalescent sequins and appliquéd with tiny pink rosebuds. The many cosy and softly-lighted little nooks and corners, so thoughtfully arranged for sitters-out, were very much appreciated and made use of. One much to be desired and noticeable feature at this dance was the surplus of the sterner sex, many of whom at times during the evening were obliged to do their turn at playing wall-flower. The music by the Guards' band was most inspiring, the floor was perfect and altogether it proved an evening of unalloyed and uninterrupted enjoyment to the large numbers of guests, who included many fair and charming young girls and matrons from other near-by cities. Among the former were noticed quite a contingent from Montreal, including Miss Ruby Ramsay, Miss Bessie Gordon, and Miss Maud Baker while Toronto was represented by Miss Mary Osler, Miss Helen Davidson, Miss Shenstone and Miss Daisie Patterson. Miss Osler was very much admired, her frock being of silver nailette chiffon over white satin, with which she wore violets and lilies of the valley. Miss Davidson wore a dainty blue *crêpe de Chine* gown, while Miss Patterson was prettily attired in white chiffon over blue silk. A gown which was perhaps the most admired in the room was that worn by Mrs. Kirchhoffer, the handsome wife of Senator Kirchhoffer of Brandon, which was of white velvet with a striped design in pastel shades, the full skirt opening over deep flounces of Limerick lace.

Space would not permit of the mention of all the teas on Thursday, but one of the most largely attended was Mrs. Roberts-Allan's, when, despite the uninviting weather, all those invited, both young and old, wended their way to Sandy Hill to meet Mrs. Robert Pringle, who was the guest of the afternoon, and who received with her hostess, wearing a pretty costume of turquoise blue silk with yoke and bertha of cream lace. Mrs. Roberts-Allan's gown was of handsome black sequined net over white.

The Misses Fielding entertained at an afternoon gathering on Wednesday, when a large number of Ottawans and many seasonal visitors were invited to meet Mrs. and Miss Farrell of Halifax. The tea-table was most artistically arranged with daffodils and ferns, and was presided over by Miss Ethel White and Miss Laura Smith.

Mr. Walter White of New York has been a welcome guest in Ottawa for the past few days and was the *raison d'être* of several happy little gatherings, one of which was an exceedingly smart little dinner given by Mrs. Alexander Christie on Friday evening, when the table was beautifully decorated with American Beauty roses, and the other guests were: Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, Mr. and Mrs. F. Avery, Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, Mrs. John Gilmore, Colonel and Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. Crombie, Miss Sparks, Colonel Henry Smith, Mr. W. A. Allan, and Mr. Berk-

A Seedless, Coreless, Bloomless Apple.

EVERYONE is familiar with the seedless or navel orange, but the seedless apple is a new fruit on the market.

This marvelous improvement in the common apple, fulfilling in letter as well as in spirit the jest of the schoolboy, who proclaimed that "there ain't going to be no core," would seem to indicate that the new apple will eventually monopolize the markets of the world, for reasons which the appended note clearly point out.

By way of illustration, it may be said that the seedless and coreless apple follows closely the analogue presented by the seedless orange, and is in fact a prototype of the latter. When the seeds

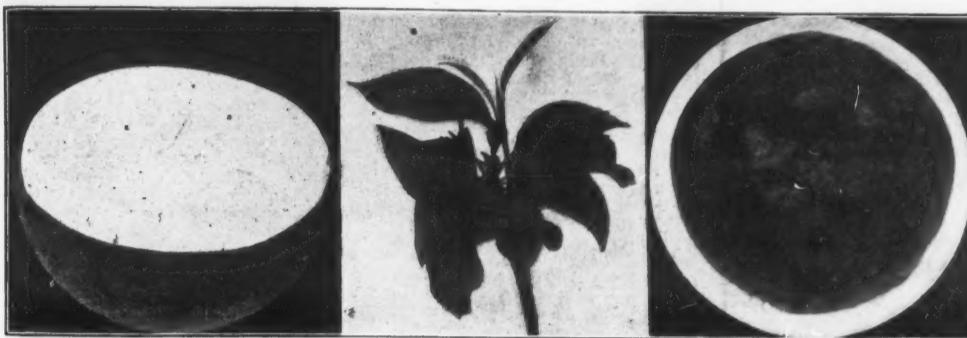
are in the way, the ordinary apple presents a wholly different aspect, for the seeds are inclosed in hard pockets that represent at least one-fourth of the apple, and which cannot be utilized in any way as an article of food, whereas in the seedless variety these disagreeable features are entirely eliminated.

Still, what is more to the point of economy, apples without seeds are also wormless, for it is well known to growers that worms in apples obtain their sustenance not from the meat, but from the seeds; hence it is evident that if a worm was hatched in a seedless apple it could not live.

The beginning of the seedless apple dates back only a few years, and there-

it may be cited that the tree is blossomless; and while there is a stamen and a very small quantity of pollen, exactly as in the blossoms of the ordinary apple tree, yet the blossom or flower itself is missing. The photograph shows the only bloom, flower, or blossom that ever appears on the seedless apple tree.

The only thing that resembles a bloom comes in the form of several small green leaves that grow around the little apple to shelter it. It is this lack of blossom that makes it almost impossible for the codling moth to deposit its eggs, and this practically ensures a wormless apple. As it is the blossom of the common apple tree that is attacked by cold and frost, the seedless apple tree is im-



A SEEDLESS, CORELESS, BLOOMLESS APPLE.

less orange was introduced to the public, it was regarded in the light of a horticultural wonder, for if there were no seeds, by what uncanny method was their kind propagated?

Shrouded in a mystery such as this, it required some little time for the matter-of-fact virtues to impress themselves and the real merits of the fruit to become known; but once eaten, its subtle qualities were forgotten, and its advantages were quickly appreciated, and from that day to this the old-fashioned variety, with its multiplicity of seeds, suffered severely, having been almost driven from the market, and left all but out of the race. Now let us ascertain the real difference between the two varieties of the oranges, as the comparison will serve a useful purpose when the old and the new species of apples are being similarly considered. The reason seedless oranges are universally preferred to those that contain ovules is not because any saving is effected, but simply that

for its history is necessarily brief. All the credit for the propagation of the apple thus far belongs to Mr. John F. Spencer of Grand Junction, Col., who, struck with the success of the seedless orange, believed that similar results could be obtained with apples.

After several years' experimental research he succeeded in producing five trees that bore seedless, coreless, and wormless apples, and from this little group there has budded two thousand more trees, which at present constitute the entire seedless apple stock of the world; and from these two thousand trees all the rest of the world must be supplied. It is estimated that these will have produced about three hundred and seventy-five thousand nursery trees by the fall of 1905, and that the following year at least two million five hundred thousand trees will furnish the supply.

There are many striking peculiarities in the development of the seedless tree, as well as in the fruit. As an instance,

mune, and the late frosts that play havoc with the apple-grower's purse by decimating his orchard may now become a thing of the past, and at the same time prevent worry and increase profits.

The seedless apple tree has a hard, smooth bark, and may be grown in any climate; the meat of the new apple, like that of the seedless orange, is very solid, and in both there is a slightly hardened substance at the navel end. Through long development this has almost disappeared in the orange; and while it is more or less prominent in the seedless apple, it has been materially reduced on the last generation of trees, and all sizes tend to show that it will grow smaller with successive generations, as the navel end of the orange has grown smaller.

The apples, which are of beautiful dark-red color with yellow strawberry dots, are of a goodly size and have a flavor similar to the Wine Sap.

A. FREDERICK COLLINS.

Radium and the Shirt of Nessus.

A RUSSIAN physician imagines, we are told, a shirt impregnated with radium as a means of applying its curative influence over a large surface of the body. The actual proposal is hardly worth serious consideration. It is now definitely proved, we grant, that radium can cure cases of lupus and certain superficial forms of malignant growth. Each of these maladies, however, is typically local and circumscribed; and there is no diffuse malady of the skin upon which radium exerts any favorable action.

This suggestion, however, toolish though it may appear to the dermatologist, raises a question of no small interest in relation to the growth of the human mind and the history of knowledge. During the past three centuries of science, men have frequently been struck by various anticipations, as it appeared, of scientific discovery in past myth or fiction. The celebrated coincidence between Swift's description of the moons of Mars, discovered by the astronomers in *Gulliver's Travels*, and the actual facts revealed by the telescope many years later, will occur to every reader. But it is especially radium, and radio-activity, that have seemed to confirm or throw light upon various tales of ancient and modern days.

Indian scholars, for instance, tell us that the Vedas contain most detailed accounts of radio-activity, now abundantly confirmed by Curie, Thomson and Rutherford. Similarly, an "American" enthusiast has declared that Bulwer Lytton was familiar with radium, and described it under the name of Vril-ya. Then, again, it might be urged—and, forsooth we know, has somewhere been urged—that Democritus' theory of sensation, as due to an emanation which reached the eye from the perceived object, is clearly an ancient expression of the truth, now coming to be believed, that all matter is radio-active, constantly yielding emanations from its substance in all directions. And in this story from St. Valentine we have a parallel to the fabled shirt of Nessus, save that that brought torture and this is to bring ease.

But these and many other instances should not lead us to ask such foolish questions as "Were the ancients acquainted with radium?" On the contrary, they merely serve as additional proofs of the amazing fecundity and scope of the human imagination. The human intellect, as we are taught in *First Principles*, has been formed "by and for converse with phenomena;" and whilst this fact imposes upon it certain limitations, so that, for instance, it is difficult to escape anthropomorphism in our conceptions of Deity, yet on the other hand it is a sort of pledge for the fulfilment of human imaginings as to the external world.

"Mrs. Fish, bending over her, said graciously:

"Is Mrs. Henry Smith at home?"

"And Mrs. Henry Smith replied, 'No, mum, she ain't,' and went on scrubbing."

"Imagine how she felt! What would you have done in a predicament so awkward? Would you have been as wise and ready, I wonder, as the woman was?"

"Mrs. Fish, bending over her, said graciously:

"It was a beautiful, mild afternoon. The Fish equipage, all aglitter in the wintry sunshine, dashed down the narrow street and halted before the woman's shabby little house with a musical jingle of silver chains. The footman leaped from the box and opened the carriage door. Mrs. Fish descended.

"The poor woman of the house—where was she all this time? She, alas, was kneeling on the sidewalk beside a bucket of hot water. Her sleeves were rolled back. She had a scrubbing-brush in one hand and a cake of soap in the other. She was scrubbing her front steps.

"It has been said that Mrs. Fish sometimes carried her high ideas of courtesy too far. With that stricture I agree heartily. Mrs. Fish's courtesy was Quixotic.

"One of her rules, for instance, was to return every call she received. Her husband was continually holding public receptions, and to these, out of curiosity, many women would come who had no desire that Mrs. Fish should call upon them—who were in no position to receive her properly if she did call.

"One such woman attended a little reception, left her card, and, a little

theoretical, was unknown; when everything was food for the Poetic Spirit. But nowadays, we are told, all is changed; the visionary gleam is fled; we can no longer look upon Nature as did Wordsworth in his early youth, and all men in time long past. We have profited and botanized on our mother's grave; nothing is immune from the scalpel. The poet or the poetic child, who endures insensate things with life, is regarded as a contemporary illustration of the ancient religion called Animism; ecstasy is treated of in text-books of philosophy, and referred to "dissociation of cerebral synapses" or the like; love is analyzed and referred to the spinal chord; the divinest dreams of men are set forth in parallel columns in treatises on Comparative Religion and Mythology. Verily, this is the light of common day. However, we are to make the best of it, and though art is obviously doomed (*tide Max Nordau*), and though life is but a series of fermentations and mind a cerebral secretion, yet we must "dress our weird" and hope in the development of the seedless tree, as well as in the fruit. As an instance,

that an implacable door, behind which reality is hidden. In popular cant, we refer to the latest voice, or vehicle, or villainy, as "phenomenal," meaning thereby, to indicate that it is something which to wonder. Yet the philosopher knows that a phenomenon is literally an appearance, and that only with appearances have we converse. To our Peter Bells, a primrose by the river's brim is simply a primrose and nothing more; but a giant primrose they would call phenomenal. The philosopher, discarding this crude realism, knows that the smallest primrose can only *phenomenally* be known to him: but behind the appearance is reality, behind the phenomenon is the noumenon. This Kant called the thing-in-itself, and used the term in the plural. But we see that Reality is no plural, but one and indivisible. This is the lesson taught us by our knowledge of phenomena: as Newton taught Mr. Francis Thompson's *Mistress of Visions*:

That thou canst not stir a flower

Without troubling of a star.

If the phenomenal Universe be a Unity, without contradiction, or chance, or caprice, so assuredly must be the noumenal. And whilst we foolishly call the latest wonder phenomenal, philosophy teaches us that, could we know it, not appearance but reality, not things as they seem, but the Eternal as IT IS, would be the Mystery and Wonder ineffable. Ineffable we may call it; or Unknowable, as did Herbert Spencer; or Unsearchable, as did St. Paul; or Absolute, as did Hegel; or we may follow the example of Kepler, who called the stars in their courses the Thoughts of God.

C. W. S.

Why He Loved Music.

"Yes," said the long-haired passenger, as the train pulled out of the village, and the strains of a barrel-organ died away, "I am a great lover of music. In fact, I might say that I owe my life to my talent as a musician."

"Start the wheels," suggested the "commercial," as he lit a fresh cigar, "and give us your excuse for refusing to quit this terrestrial ball."

"It was like this," said the man of music. "During the high water scare some years ago my wife and I were staying at a hotel located on the bank of the river in a small town. We occupied the bedroom on the first floor, and during the night the river rose rapidly and the water came up into our room. After a strenuous effort, I succeeded in pushing the folding-bed out of the window, and placing my wife on it, she floated away to a place of safety. Then—"

"Here," interrupted the true-loving knight of the sample case, "you're slipping away a cog. What has your wife floating away on a folding-bed got to do with your life-saving musical accomplishments?"

"As I was about to explain," continued the owner of the unbarbered hair, "there was a piano in the room, and I accompanied her on that. See?"

Mrs. Jones—Did you really expect me to accept you the night you proposed?

Mr. Jones—Yes, love. Just before I got to your house I heard a dog howl three times, saw the moon over my left shoulder, and walked under a ladder.

Wife—You never hear of a woman using her religion as a cloak. Husband—Of course not, my dear. Religion is too inexpensive.

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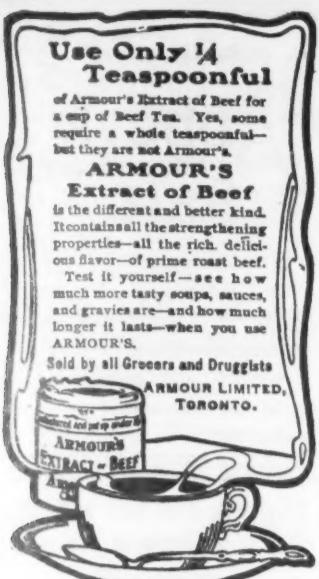
The second Jacksonville tour of the season via the Pennsylvania Railroad, allowing two weeks in Florida, leaves New York, Philadelphia, and Washington by special train February 14. Excursion tickets, including railway transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth), and meals en route in both directions while traveling on the special train, will be sold at the following rates: New York, \$50.00; Buffalo, \$54.25; Rochester, \$54.00; Elmira, \$51.45; Erie, \$54.85; Williamsport, \$50.00; Wilkes-Barre, \$50.35; and at proportionate rates from other points.

A similar tour will be run February 28.

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Anecdotal

Somebody once said to George Ade that some pretty bright people come from the West. "Yes," Ade is said to have replied, "and the brighter they are the quicker they come."

A little girl, when a lesson was being given on snow, volunteered the information that the snow was swept out of heaven. "But how does it get into heaven?" asked the master. "Please, sir, the angels scratch it off their wings."

After Disraeli was created Lord Beaconsfield, and had attained every distinction he could wish for, he was dining out one day at a fashionable London home, and was asked by the lady whom he had taken in to dinner: "Is there anything, my lord, that you can now possibly want which you do not already possess?" His characteristic reply, after due consideration, was: "Yes, a potato, please."

"A short time ago," says a schoolteacher, "I was giving a lesson on the use of the hyphen. Having written a number of examples on the blackboard, the first of which was 'bird-cage,' I asked the boys to give a reason for putting the hyphen between 'bird' and 'cage.' After a short silence, one boy, who is among the dunces, held up his hand, and said: 'It is for the bird to perch on, sir.'"

At one of the registration places in Alabama, the election officers were testing a colored man's qualifications for exercising the right of suffrage. The negro was unusually intelligent, and answered every question correctly. Then, as a little joke, he was asked to explain a word of *ceteriori*. The negro, after scratching his head, said: "Deed, boss, I reckon you done got me. I doan know what dat is, less'n it's somethin' to keep a nigger from votin'."

A story is told illustrating the great age that people attain in the bracing air of the Adirondacks by a member of a hunting party who had been deer-stalking there. In a rather wild part of the country, the party came across a log cabin. At the door was standing an aged native of the Rip Van Winkle sort. One of the gunners, after a short talk, asked him how long his father had been dead. "Father dead?" the old man replied in a tone of surprise; "father ain't dead, he's in the back room puttin' his grandfather to bed."

A wealthy young physician was awakened one stormy night last week by a man who declared the doctor's services were wanted three miles out in the country. Just before the doctor called up the stable for his horse, the visitor asked what the charge would be. "Three dollars," was the reply. When the house containing the supposed patient was reached, the man alighted first, and handing the doctor three dollars, remarked: "That will be all, doctor. I couldn't find a hackman who would do it for less than six dollars."

Uncle Cyrus had come up from the country to visit his nephew. One morning he was taken out to hear an open-air concert. As the concert progressed, Uncle Cyrus waxed enthusiastic. Toward the end of the programme a solo on the slide trombone was announced. It was a really fine performance, and the audience demanded an encore with a storm of applause. The nephew noted that his uncle was among the most appreciative, but he was somewhat puzzled by the smile which played around the corners of the old man's mouth, for the selection had been mournful rather than gay. At the conclusion of the encore, when the applause had finally died away,

he turned to his uncle: "That was fine, wasn't it?" "Mighty fine, mighty fine," was the reply; "but you city folks are easy fooled. He didn't fool me a bit. I knew all the time he was playing that he wasn't really swallering that thing!"

At a recent college lecture the students were uneasy. There was something wrong in the air. Books were dropped, chairs were pushed along the floor. There were various interruptions. The nerves of all were on edge. The members of the class kept their eyes on the clock and awaited the conclusion of the hour of the lecture. The clock beat Professor Kirchwey perhaps a minute, but at the expiration of the schedule time, the students started to their feet, and prepared to leave. "Wait a minute," objected Professor Kirchwey, "don't go just yet. I have a few more pearls to cast."

Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson, the widow of the famous general, lives in Charlotte, N.C., and the other day a Charlotte lawyer said of her: "Mrs. Jackson has great talent in persiflage and railing, and she likes much to air her skill in this direction at the expense of doctors and lawyers. She said to me one day: 'A friend of mine—a Virginia woman—sued a railroad company last year for \$50,000 damages, and last week the case was decided in her favor. She got every cent of it. It is all lying to her credit in the bank at this moment.' Mrs. Jackson paused and smiled. 'You think it is incredible,' she said, 'that the woman should have gotten all those thousands. You think that her lawyer, in sending her a cheque for the money, would have deducted \$30,000 or \$35,000 for his share. Well, the woman got all the money. The lawyer didn't get a cent. She got it all. She got it in the only way.' What way was that?" said I. "She married the lawyer," said Mrs. Jackson."

Dr. William T. Manning, the new Bishop of Harrisburg, was asked by a Harrisburg reporter if it was true that young brides sometimes objected to the word "obey" in the marriage service. "Yes, that is true," said Bishop Manning. "A great many young brides think that the marriage service should be altered—think that, instead of saying they will 'love, honor and obey' their husbands, they should be allowed to say that they will 'love, honor and cherish' these fine young men. Sometimes, urged on by his bride, the bridegroom suggests to the officiating clergyman that the service be altered for his benefit. He wants the clergyman to substitute, on that particular occasion, 'cherish' for 'obey.' But the clergyman, smiling faintly, explains the impossibility and the irreverence of such a substitution."

"Some young men, as I say, want the ceremony changed. Others, taking an opposite view, uphold the ceremony as it stands, and would under no circumstances permit 'cherish' to be substituted for 'obey' if that were possible. I heard of such a young man the other day. While he was getting married, his bride, plainly a very modern young lady, hesitated when the time came for her to say 'obey.' She said 'love and honor' very promptly and sincerely, but at 'obey' she hesitated. The minister paused. He was alarmed. Till the young woman finished the sentence he could not possibly, he felt, go on. Some thirty or forty seconds of silence ensued, and then the bridegroom leaned toward the clergyman and whispered in a tone of encouragement: 'Go on, sir. Whether she says it or not don't matter. I'll make her do it; that's the main thing.'

Never.

If ignorance were really bliss,
There'd never be a death
Of gay and happy folks, I wis.
On this benighted earth.

Crackers vs. Bread.

Everyone thinks of bread as a food, but not one person in a hundred properly appreciates the wholesome nutriment of soda biscuits. Experiments by pure food authorities show that soda biscuits contain food elements in a better balanced proportion than any other article of diet. These biscuits also contain more strength and flesh-forming material than does bread. Meat, vegetables, bread and milk are dilute nutriment. Soda biscuits are concentrated nourishment. They are practically all food, contain little water, and are rich in the elements that go to build up the body we live in.

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The Thugs of India.

HIS continent has appropriated the word "thug" from the Hindustani language, but with characteristic American freedom has modified both the pronunciation and the meaning. "Tug" is the correct pronunciation in the vernacular. And the thug was not a mere bludgeoner, political or otherwise. In the literal sense of the word he was a deceiver, a trained and skilled deceiver. But this was a mere euphemism. The thug was very much more. He was a professional assassin, a stranger. Thuggee was murder reduced to a fine art, and practiced by gangs working in co-operation.

The thugs were really a religious sect, who worshipped the goddess Bowani, wife of Siva the Destroyer, one of the Hindu trinity. They paid homage to this dread goddess by elaborate religious ritual, making sacrifices to her, solemnly invoking her blessing, consulting the omens she vouchsafed her worshippers, counting every neglect in her service an impiety that would surely be visited by disaster. With the votaries of Bowani the taking of life was a sacred act; a good omen from the goddess meant an order to kill, failure to carry out which was sacrilege.

The thugs were a hereditary caste, composed of seven different tribes, scattered all over India, from the Himalayas in the north to Cape Comorin in the south. In the villages and towns where they lived they assumed the guise of peaceful traders, or cultivators of the soil, thus avertting suspicion from their calling. Their families lived peacefully with their neighbors, whom they never by any chance molested. When they went forth to ply their trade of assassination, they journeyed afar.

The thugs formed a close secret society, and members, although utter strangers to each other and from distances wide apart, could recognize their fellow-handicraftsmen instantly by a word or a sign. They had also a system of signals on the roads, whereby by the placing in some particular manner of stones, or leaves, or little heaps of dust, it was shown in what directions parties of thugs were traveling, whether they had destined victims in their company, whether more help was required, and so on.

At the seasons of travel, when merchants were wont to set forth with wares they had purchased for the replenishment of their stores, or wealthy pilgrims to journey to some sacred shrine, thugs would assemble in the big cities, and form themselves into organized gangs, sometimes a hundred strong, with regular gradations of rank and regular subdivision of duties. There were the invigilators who lured from the honest travelers the plans of their journey and the amount of wealth they carried.

There were merchants, thugs themselves in disguise, men of fine manners and unarmed, sometimes equipped with valuable merchandise, riding on horseback, carrying with them sleeping tents, and attended by a retinue of servants, thugs also to a man.

In this way a goodly company of travelers would be formed, murderers and their destined victims commingled. And then the fateful journey would begin, all keeping together for mutual protection by the way. Those, of course, were days prior to the advent of railways.

Along the road other thugs would gradually join in—pilgrims, perhaps, ostensibly, or a band of musicians and jugglers, who would help beguile the hours around the camp-fire at night, or perhaps some petty chief whose armed escort was welcomed as an additional protection to the caravan. Thugs, these newcomers, be it noted, every one of them, strategically posted along the chosen thoroughfare like the pickets of an army.

The rule was that before action took place there should be three thugs at least with the actual traveling party for every man to be murdered—one to manipulate the room or sash thrown around the neck and by which the act of strangulation was performed, the second man to clutch the legs, and the third to pinion the arms of the victim, all at a given signal. When the full tally of assassins was made up, the place for the final tragedy was decided on, and the grave choosers and the grave diggers were sent on ahead. But every precaution was taken, and to reach a favored spot, safe from the chance of interruption, the thugs would travel for several days in company with the persons they had devoted to destruction—would eat

with them, sleep with them, attend divine worship with them at the holy shrines on the road, live on the closest terms of intimacy, until time and place were exactly suitable for the consummation of the crime. They had just one redeeming feature, these cold-blooded miscreants. Nothing would ever tempt them to murder a woman, not even cupidity stirred by sight of her costly robes and jewels, for it would have been a dreadful crime against Bowani for any of her sex to perish at the hands of her devout worshippers.

Now everything is ready for the final deed. It is night in the jungle. The cavalcade of travelers has halted in front of a deep nullah or gully, down which a babbling stream is tumbling. From out its dense brushwood comes the occasional yap of a skulking jackal, mayhap even the roar of a tiger disturbed from his hunting. On the plateau above fires are alight to scare away the wild beasts, and around these are seated the merchants, with their bales of costly goods piled near at hand, silks and gold-embroidered fabrics and cases of jewelry, unloaded from the wagons that form a corral within which the riding ponies and draught oxen are safely tethered for the night. Although he knows it not, each innocent man has as his immediate companions that evening three professional assassins—the stranger who sits just behind his victim, and the holders of legs and arms on either side. The ministred troupe is performing—zithers are softly playing, drums tum-tumming, cymbals clanking.

And then comes the jhineer or dread signal of death. For some time past the leader of the thugs has been gazing fixedly at the heavens, and all the eyes of his fellow-votaries have been fastened intently upon him. At last he pronounces some commonplace words as prearranged: "The moon shines bright to-night," and raises his hand. Then in an instant each stranger has fastened his fatal noose around the throat of his appointed victim, every dying man is clutched by the hands that resist his writhing contortions, everyone but the thrush in that camp of travelers is in the death throes. In a brief minute or two all is over. The tragedy is complete.

There have been no guiltless witnesses of the atrocious crime, no possibility of rescue or escape, no noise or cries for help, for these strangers are too skilled in their deadly work to have permitted a single cheep to be made. And now nothing remains but to cover up the traces of the foul deed. This is simple, for there has been no effusion of blood. The grave-diggers creep out of the dark ravine, and carry away the stripped and rifled bodies. There is a grave ready for every victim, and convenient piles of rocks have been made to heap over the covering sand, that the hyenas may not be able to dig out the corpses and so betray what has happened. Armfuls of brushwood, too, are ready for artfully concealing the signs of recent excavations. But who will come to that lonely nullah? No one. The villagers across the plain dread it, because of the man-eating tiger who has made it his chosen lair.

In this way a goodly company of travelers would be formed, murderers and their destined victims commingled. And then the fateful journey would begin, all keeping together for mutual protection by the way. Those, of course, were days prior to the advent of railways.

Along the road other thugs would gradually join in—pilgrims, perhaps, ostensibly, or a band of musicians and jugglers, who would help beguile the hours around the camp-fire at night, or perhaps some petty chief whose armed escort was welcomed as an additional protection to the caravan. Thugs, these newcomers, be it noted, every one of them, strategically posted along the chosen thoroughfare like the pickets of an army.

There were no telegraphs in those days, no country police, and every trace of the crime lay buried with the bodies in the lonely gorge. Wives waited sadly for husbands who never returned, children wept for absent fathers. But never a word of the travelers who had disappeared. And the Hindus are fatalistic—they accept in silence the decrees of Providence. A merchant would wonder what had become of his old neighbor in the bazaar. But the latter had ventured forth on a long journey, the dangers of the road are many, from wild beasts and from robbers who openly ply their vocation, cholera swift to strike down and kill ever stalks the land. So the heirs apportioned the goods, the shop was reopened by another trader, and the world moved on.

And all the while, for generations and for centuries, those peaceful Hindus themselves had never known that thugs existed in their midst—that every day in their lives they were rubbing shoulders in the bazaar with fellow-countrymen who planned wholesale murders without misgiving, perpetrated them without remorse, and remembered them without pity. Think of the amazing loyalty that kept the secrets of this grim society inviolate, and the superb organization that enabled it to hide its terrible deeds right in the midst of a teeming population. After intercourse with India for two centuries, and the exercise of sovereignty over a large part of the country for more than half that time, the British rulers themselves remained quite ignorant of the existence and habits of the murderous gang.

But at last discovery came. It is not so very long ago—just seventy years since the dread mysteries of thuggee were unravelled by the English authorities. Suspicion arose because sepoys, traveling on leave with their army pay, failed to return to their regiments now and then. The Indian sepoys are proud of his calling and he goes home to his village invariably intent on bringing back recruits to join the service of the sarkar, as he calls the ruling power. Trusted soldiers, non-commissioned officers and men of tried service, had never again been heard of. So strict investigation was set on foot, and as a result a gang of things were surprised in the very deed. They were arrested, imprisoned, tried, and convicted of murder. But the truth was not yet all known. Only when the death sentence on the criminals broke the religious spell of Bowani's power to pro-

tect her votaries did confession follow. Then came the astounding and ghastly disclosure of what thuggee in India had really meant during unnumbered generations. On the part of the miscreants who told the story, there was no penitence, no remorse, just chastened and fanatical regret that their idol Bowani had been broken, through their own laxity undoubtably in observing her sacred religious rites. "There were always signs around us," said one of these fanatics, "if we had been wise enough to discern them, and religious enough to attend to them."

The nature of their superstitious observances may just be indicated. For example, every expedition had to be opened with a solemn invocation of Bowani. This was the formula, given out first by the high priest, and then repeated by all present: "Great goddess! universal mother! if this our meditated expedition be fitting in thy sight, vouchsafe us help, and the signs of thy approbation." Then the omens were watched. The meeting of a person who had lost a limb, the cry of a jackal by day or the scream of kite by night, and similar unusual happenings foretold disaster. But if the auspices were propitious, the party set forth. They took with them, swathed in cloths, a sacred pick-axe, emblem of their goddess, on which the oaths of secrecy had been made. It was entrusted to the shrewdest, most experienced, and most cautious thug present, and carried hidden in his loincloth. No traveling party could be without the sacred pick-axe; it was a constant thing of solicitude and of reverence, and all manner of omens were associated with it from day to day, even from hour to hour. Thus if it chanced to fall from the hand of the man who bore it, dismay spread through the gang, and the enterprise on hand was immediately abandoned.

Now that the truth was out and confession freely made, regular burying-places of the thugs all over India were disclosed, and the bones literally of thousands of victims discovered. Every member of the caste was secured, hundreds were hanged, thousands were transported to the penal settlement of the Andaman Islands, over the kali pani or black water which the Hindus dread, for to cross it breaks their caste, and ostracizes them forever from the fellowship of their brethren. The cult of Bowani was extirpated, root and branch. The very families were broken up, so that the abominable teachings of murder and religion and of strangling as a fine should cease.

Thuggee had not been confined to adventures upon land. The rivers of India were found to be infested by members of the accursed fraternity, freshwater pirates who left no victims to tell tales. They operated in considerable parties. Those who did the work of boatmen were dressed like other boatmen; but those who were to take a part in the other operations were accoutered as travelers of great respectability; and there were no craft on the river kept so clean and inviting for travelers. When going up stream the thugs always pretended to be men of consideration, proceeding on pilgrimage to some sacred place, such as Benares, or Allahabad. When going down, they feigned to be returning home from such places. Their invaders, well dressed, were sent out upon the high roads and pretended to be going by water to the same places as the innocent travelers they fell in with. On coming to the landing stage, the treacherous villains would see the nicely dressing boat, with the respectfully dressed thugs amusing themselves. They would ask the captain to take them on board, as he could afford to do so cheaper than others, having, apparently, his boat already engaged. The captain would pretend to be pushed for room, and the thugs would be unwilling to have any more passengers on board. But at last the earnest entreaties of the invaders would be yielded to, and the new travelers accommodated. The boat would push off into the river, those above singing and playing and making a great noise, while the travelers below were strangled at the signal that all was clear. Then the bodies would be dropped into the river, a prey to the swarming crocodiles, objects of no suspicion for the Hindu dead were regularly consigned to these sacred waters. The boat proceeded to another landing-place, having landed the invaders again upon the roads.

Thuggee has now been banished from the face of the earth. But the story shows in striking manner how marvelously the Oriental mind can hold its secrets, not merely from the West, but from the different castes among their very selves. And as showing the wonderful hold thuggee had upon its votaries, let me quote another sentence from the confession of one of the leaders. I may explain that "goor" is coarse native sugar, which, after being ceremoniously blessed by the goddess at the initiation ceremony, was passed round and eaten by all present the novice included. "Let any man once taste of the sacred goor," said this thief, who, with his own hand had strangled well over a hundred victims, "and he will be a thug, though he know all the trades and had all the wealth of the world. My father made me taste of that fatal goor, when I was a mere boy, and if I were to live a thousand years, I should never be able to follow any other trade." He never did follow any other trade. He was hanged.

EDMUND MITCHELL

Him—Oh, lots of time to get married. You know the old saying about "as good fish in the sea?" Her—Oh, certainly! But you mustn't forget that the bait is getting a bit stale.



MUSIC

THE musical season may now be said to be in the height of its activity, and local events will "gallop apace" from this time unto the end of March.

The second of the important concerts by our choral societies will be given this (Saturday) evening at Massey Hall, where the Sherlock Vocal Society will produce Haydn's charming work, *The Seasons*, assisted by solo singers of acknowledged repute. The most brilliant, the most educational, and the most artistic events of the year are expected to be the four great concerts on the 15th, 16th, and 18th of the month by the Mendelssohn Choir and the Pittsburgh Orchestra. These concerts will cover a wide range of choral and instrumental music, and will introduce to the notice of the musical community many novelties. The orchestral selections include such magnificent compositions as Beethoven's C minor symphony, Tschaikovski's "Pathetic" symphony, the Beethoven overture, *Leonore No. 3*, Tschaikovski's overture, *Romeo and Juliet*, an arrangement of Wagner's *Wotan's Farewell*, the Prelude to the *Meistersinger*, the Prelude to *Lohengrin*, the Prelude to *Liebestodt* of *Tristan and Isolde*, and the first part of Berlioz' *Damnation de Faust*. The solos, with orchestral accompaniment, will include Beethoven's *Emperor* concerto for piano and the Mendelssohn concerto for violin. Among the choral offerings will be Liszt's impressive *13th Psalm*, Gounod's *Gallia*, and a selection from *King Arthur*. The scheme of the concerts has been so arranged that each will contain prominent features, and those who do not decide to take the whole series will find it difficult to make a choice. On the 21st of the month Eugene D'Albert, the piano virtuoso, will reappear after an absence of many years. On the 28th the National Chorus will give their annual concert, and will present Cowen's *Gilpin's Ride* and a varied list of choir music. They will have the co-operation of Victor Herbert's New York orchestra, who will make their first appearance here. On March 9 the People's Choral Union will hold their concert, and on the 16th Ysaye, the great Belgian violinist, will make a return visit. Towards the close of the season Wagner's *Parsifal* in an English version will be produced for the first time in Canada. The next six weeks, at least, will provide as much musical food as the lovers of the art are likely to digest.

Beethoven's *Sonata Charakteristique*, the *Adieu, Absence and Return*, was the most important work on the programme of the last Gorday, Winter & Leening recital at the King Edward Hotel on Thursday evening of last week, the interpreter being Mr. H. M. Field. The sonata has not often been heard in public, having been neglected in favor of the *Moonlight*, the *Apassionata*, the *Waldstein*, on account of their popularity with the general public. The *Sonata Charakteristique* is, however, a work of much beauty and imagination, and Mr. Field may be congratulated on his selection for the occasion. Mr. Field played the sonata with fine polish of technique and with scrupulous fidelity to the text. His rendering, while without caprice, was sufficiently elastic in tempo, to elucidate the charm of the music and give point to the story told or suggested by the title. The joyous last movement, the *Return of the Beloved*, he gave with much abandon and swing. Other numbers offered by him were by Chopin, Tschaikovski, Arensky, Sapelinoff, and Liszt, which gave him opportunities of demonstrating his versatility, his wide grasp of technique, and his contrasts of touch. Mr. Pigott, who was in excellent voice, was vocalist, and gave a delightful programme of songs, which included welcome novelties by H. M. Field and Frank E. Blachford, which the singer interpreted with much art. Miss Winifred Weatherstone officiated as accompanist. The banquet hall of the hotel, as is usual at these functions, was crowded. The fifth *sorée* is fixed for March 2, when the pianist will be Mr. Tripp, and the vocalists Mrs. Russell Duncan and Mr. Pigott.

The theater of the Normal School was filled by an appreciative audience on Monday evening, the occasion being a piano recital by Miss Cecile Williamson, given under the auspices of the Toronto College of Music. Miss Williamson, who is one of the most successful graduates of the college, and a pupil of Mr. T. C. Jeffers, played a well-chosen and carefully contrasted programme of works by the great masters of piano literature, and gave evidence of both talent and temperament. Mrs. Dilworth was vocalist and was in excellent voice. With the assistance of Mr. Frank C. Smith, solo violinist of the college staff, a sonata for piano and violin by Grieg, Op. 13, was attractively given.

The sale of seats for the concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir commenced last Monday to subscribers. The plan will

Some years ago Mr. McClintock was adopted as a member of the Blackfeet tribe of Indians, and lived with them a long time. On returning to Pittsburgh he interested Mr. Nevin in Indian music by relating his experiences, reproducing his graphophone records, and singing the songs he had learned. The writer goes to say regarding Nevin:

He was especially enthusiastic over a plaintive love-song I had heard one evening in an Indian camp, when the flickering fires were lighting up the white lodges. It was sung by a young brave, urging his sweetheart to come forth to meet him. This love-song was used by Nevin for the motive of *Pola*, the hero of the Indian opera he is now composing, and will be heard in the selection to be played at these concerts.

In June, 1903, one year after the death of Chief Mad Wolf, I took Arthur Nevin with me to the Blackfeet Reservation. Nearly a thousand Blackfeet were gathered in an encampment preparing to celebrate their sacred festival of the sun dance. My lodge was pitched near the center, beside the lodges of Mad Wolf's family. From this central location we were within easy hearing of the sun dance ceremonial, and nothing of interest took place in the large camp without our knowledge.

Nevin was continually alert to secure new songs. Sometimes I was awakened in the night by the bright firelight, to find him at work jotting down the songs of nocturnal bands of Indians, passing our lodge. On one occasion we were watching together an inspiring ceremonial, in which hundreds of Indians were marching and singing a magnificent hymn in unison. Nevin abruptly left me and ran towards our lodge. I quickly followed to learn what had happened. When I reached the lodge he was seated on his bed of blankets, completely absorbed, and humming the air while writing down the notes of the hymn we had just heard. After finishing, he enthusiastically explained to me the instruments he would make use of in his musical composition, and the weird effects that could be secured in Indian music by an orchestra.

One evening, while seated by the lodge fire, I proposed to Arthur Nevin his composing an Indian opera, with a plot founded on the beautiful and romantic ideas of the Blackfeet legends, and with a stage setting depicting an Indian camp upon the prairies, with its picturesque lodges and the snow-capped Rocky Mountains for a background. He heartily entered into the proposition and we agreed upon the legend of *Pola*, the great mythical hero and prophet of the Blackfeet, who braved the dangers of a journey to the home of the Sun God and founded the Indians' sun worship on his return to the earth. Nevin returned to Pittsburgh enthusiastic over the new field opened to him for the composition of a thoroughly original and characteristic "American" opera. However, it was not until June, 1904, that work on the Indian opera *Pola* was actually begun, Randolph Hartley of New York having been selected to write the libretto.

The Belleville Philharmonic Society is in a highly prosperous condition this season, and under the direction of Mr. Vincent P. Flunt is rehearsing a number of interesting compositions which will be produced at their annual concert during the month of March. The programme will include Gounod's motet, *Gallia*, Max Bruch's *Fair Ellen*, also the Epilogue (march), "It comes from the misty ages," from the *Banner of St. George* by Elgar, and a number of part songs by Mendelssohn and other composers. The concert to be given in Belleville by the Pittsburgh Orchestra, Emil Paur, conductor, assisted by Holmes Cowper, the Chicago tenor, on the 2nd inst., is already arousing widespread interest, and the indications are that a packed house will greet this famous orchestra on that date. They appear under the local management of Messrs. Sidney Detlor and V. P. Hunt.

Rehearsals of the Toronto Festival Chorus on Mendelssohn's *Elijah* are being held every week at the Toronto College of Music, for sopranos and altos Monday evenings, tenors and basses Tuesday evenings, and are well attended. The work is progressing most satisfactorily. Rehearsals of the orchestra are held every Saturday evening, and good progress is being made.

The Dubois beautiful work, *The Seven Last Words*, will be given in the Metropolitan Church on Good Friday night, April 21.

A large and appreciative audience was in attendance at the piano recital, in Bloo Street Baptist Church, on Thursday evening, given by pupils of W. F. Pickard, organist and choirmaster of the church. The following young ladies took part: Miss Hazel Ellis, Miss Nina Tanton, Miss Laura Russell, Miss Alice Apted, and Miss Florence McKay, and gave an intelligent and pleasing interpretation to a varied programme of piano-forte music. Able vocal assistance was given by Miss Mabel Manley Pickard, Miss Helen Carter, Mr. George Dixon, and Mr. Robert Guleit.

Edouard Baumann, the talented pupil of Mr. Arthur Blight, has been engaged to sing the tenor rôle in Bennett's *May Queen* at Cobourg on February 23.

A correspondent writes to the London Times concerning the début, at Prague, of a wonderful English child violinist, Vivien Chartres, which took place at the annual concert of the journalists. This young lady, as yet barely nine years old, has been studying under Professor Sevcik; and her extraordinary talent has for some time been the talk of musical circles in the Bohemian capital. Her public performance, however, seems to have surpassed all expectation, and an audience of 2,000 people was so excited by the intelligence and extraordinary technique displayed in her rendering of Bruch's first violin concerto that they departed from a hitherto unbroken precedent in several times interrupting the performance with irrepressible applause. M. Chvala, the most eminent of Bohemian critics, in his notice of the concert in the *Politik* of January 13, says: "After careful consideration of this wonderful event it is clear that we have to reckon here with a talent for the violin which, in contempt for all human preconceptions, is at least ten years in advance of even pronounced talents for violin playing."

At the eleventh of the Pittsburgh orchestra concerts, Mr. Paur conducted two selections from Arthur Nevin's Indian opera, *Pola*, for the first time. In a supplement to the programme book Mr. Walter McClintock gives an interesting account of the circumstances which led to the writing of this opera.

hon, Annie O'Neil. The following teachers were represented: Mrs. Armstrong, the Misses Gertrude Anderson, Ethel M. Robinson, Ethel Husband, Lillian Porter, Evelyn Ashworth, Mainie McDonald, Mr. Charles E. Eggett.

At the Toronto College of Music on Thursday evening of last week an appreciative audience filled the hall, the occasion being a piano recital given by pupils of Miss Gertrude Anderson. The pupils who took part each afforded evidence of careful and musicianly training imparted by their teacher. Those taking part were: Annie Thompson, Rosalie Harris, Norman Farr, Evelyn Bennett, Alma Hitchcock, Muriel Millward, Evelyn Thompson, Marguerite Waddell, Edna Thompson, Firenze Gilray, Vera Waugh, Edith Marshall, Emily Dean and Allyne Clarke. The vocalists of the evening were Miss Marguerite Cowling, contralto, and B. A. Booth, baritone, both promising pupils of Mr. J. D. Richardson, and Miss Berdetha Lammiman, a talented pupil of the School of Expression, gave an enjoyable reading.

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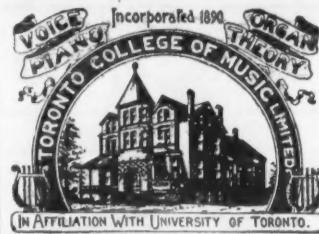
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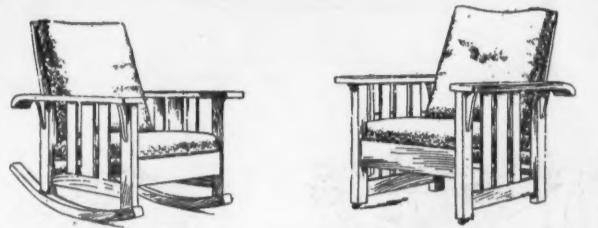
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Cash in Banks and at Head Office \$ 79,635 13	Losses unpaid \$ 5,045 06
Debentures 53,665 02	Return Premiums unpaid 2,205 41
Bills Receivable 23,270 75	Due for Reinsurance 1,801 65
Premiums in course of collection. Net 27,574 76	Dividend declared and unpaid 3,000 00
Sundry Stockholders (Bal. 20 per cent call paid) 5,350 00	Surplus to policy-holders 406,448 80
Capital Stock unpaid and subject to call, secured by about 270 shareholders ... 380,000 00	Surplus to policy-holders 406,473 24
Goad's Plans, Furniture and Sundry Assets 7,507 58	\$349,108 26

TOTAL SECURITY TO POLICYHOLDERS.

Cash \$79,635 15	Debentures 55,665 02
Other Assets Net 49,295 04	
Subscribed Capital unsealed \$184,634 21	
Total \$349,108 26	

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About Women—For Men Only.

Leading a woman to the altar is usually a man's last act of leadership. Women, cats, and birds are the creatures that spend most time on their toilets.

Troubles of married life never come singly; they usually have a mother-in-law attached.

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"A fool and his freedom are soon parted," remarked the bachelor upon hearing of the marriage of another friend.

When women love us, they forgive us everything, even our crimes; when they do not love us, they give us credit for nothing, not even for our virtues.

When a man talks too much his wife pulls at his coat for him to sit down, and it is not until he has lost her, and he makes a fool of himself, that the world recognizes how much of his past good record was due to this coat-tail censor.

The Bible in the Light of Modern Knowledge.

because our manuscripts are few. Does this look like infallibility?

It is not strange that for many years scholars have felt the importance of doing everything in their power to compare the various manuscripts, of both the New Testament and the Old, which we have, with one another, and with early versions. And thus seeing that as yet a full and reliable text on the basis of such an improved text a revision might be made of our common English version of the Bible.

When our common or authorized version was made in 1611 not one of the best Hebrew or Greek manuscripts now in our possession was known. Now we have a Hebrew text of the Old Testament much better, and a Greek text of the New Testament immensely better than those which the scholars of 1611 had to depend upon.

It would seem as if a movement to give to the people a more correct version of their sacred Scriptures would have met with universal favor. Yet, as a fact, it met with very strong and persistent opposition. It took no little courage on the part of the Convocation of Canterbury in 1870 to go forward and appoint its revision committee of two. English, however, five American scholars, and determine that a full and careful revision of King James' version—that version which had been the standard of the English people for more than two centuries and a half—should be made. The great Bible Societies of both England and America opposed it. I suppose it would be true to say that the great body of the clergy and laymen of every English and every orthodox denomination opposed it. The revision movement was the work of scholars representing all denominations, but they were independent, far seeing and courageous men, who dared to step out in advance of their brethren. Now that the revision is made, open opposition tends to pass away. Yet, there is much silent opposition still. The new version is found in comparatively few pulpits, except those of the liberal churches, comparatively few Sunday schools or Bible classes or prayer meetings, or even homes. And yet it has entered upon its career; there will be no permanent going backward; this or some still better version will sooner or later win its way to general acceptance.

The modern world has known no truer nobler, more heroic, or more devoted man than his Biblical school. For a thousand years, from the fifth century to the fifteenth, the Bible was virtually a lost book—banned from the world. It was locked up with monks or buried in the crypts of the Church. It was sealed in a dead language. What little knowledge there was of it was possessed by the priests; the people knew scarcely more of it than if it had had no existence. The Reformation, however, centered in the unchaining of the Bible and the bringing of it out to the light. The men who led in awakening Christendom from its medieval slumber and starting it on a career of new moral life were the translators of the Bible, the men who set out to give it to the people in their native tongue—as Luther in Germany and Tyndale, Coverdale and Whittington in England. Some of these men paid for their daring and their devotion with their lives. But their blood was precious seed.

By and by Protestantism got sway, and then also! It put chains upon the Bible of another kind—chains of an iron infallibility theory, and of a rigid, irrational, dogmatic interpretation. These chains bound it for two centuries or more. Yet true Biblical scholarship was not wholly dead. Spinoza in Holland, Milton, Locke and Newton in England, Seeger and Leibnitz in Germany; Luther, Eichhorn, Votke, Ewald, Strauss, Bruno and Ferdinand Bauer, Renan, Davidson, Colenso, Kuennen, Robertson Smith, and today, Willhause, Cheyne, Driver, Toy, Briggs and an ever-growing number of others of the same spirit—these scholars have brought the torch of truth and knowledge down across the past three centuries. In the face of all these difficulties and all opposition. In these scholars and hundreds of others who have labored by their side, that have given us what we know to-day as the higher criticism. It is they who have made possible a revised version of the Bible of the excellence of that which has been put into our hands during the past few years.

It will perhaps be of interest if I will point out a few of the points in which the new version is an improvement over the old.

The new version replaces obsolete words by words which are in current use to-day. There is a very large number of cases of this kind. So this is an important advance.

The new version prints poetry as poetry and prose as prose. This is important.

The new version spaces properly and divides its reading matter into paragraphs and sections according to the sense, and not into arbitrary and often misleading chapters and verses. This is a great improvement.

The new version leaves off the unwarranted and misleading dates which the common version prints at the head of many Old Testament books and at the top of many pages; for example, the creation of the world, 4004 B.C., the Flood, 2448 B.C. It is not a light matter to be rid of these false dates.

The new version leaves off those many misleading chapter headings in verse prints which the Old Testament which indicate that these chapters refer in some miraculously predictive way to Christ. For example, in the authorized version, the Song of Solomon has at the head of its first chapter the words: "The Church's Love Unto Christ;" at the head of its second chapter, "The Mutual Love of Christ and His church;" at the head of the third chapter, "The Church's Love in Christ"; at the head of the fourth chapter, "The Truth is the book is a love poem; and these chapters no more refer to Christ or His church than they do to Gladstone and the British Constitution, or to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Canadian Government. The revised version recognizes these facts and replaces them with headings which describe the scene correctly. Similar corrections are made all through the Old Testament, wherever there is occasion for it. This is an important matter. The revised version leaves out by far the strongest passage in the Bible in support of the doctrine of the Trinity. It refers to Job 5:7, "There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one." Everything else in the Bible which has ever been quoted in proof of the Trinity has been more or less questionable; but here is a passage which has been thought unequivocal and certain a very rock. But now comes the remarkable man, by a company of scholars, all but one of whom are Trinitarians, and throws the passage out as spurious. Why? Because they are simply compelled to. Not a single one of the best ancient manuscripts contains it. The evidence is overwhelming that it is an interpolation, and a very late one, made by some overzealous and unscrupulous believer in the doctrine, more than

four centuries and probably more than five centuries after Christ.

A text often quoted to prove the deity of Christ is I. Timothy 3:16, "God was manifest in the flesh." But the revisers tell us that the word God rests on no sufficient ancient evidence, and they render the term "He" as manifested in the flesh." Thus the passage can no longer be used to support the doctrine of Christ's deity.

In I John 3:16, the authorized version reads: "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us." Here again the revisers leave out the word God. Thus the passage reads, "Hereby know we, because He laid down His life for us."

If in the old form it intimated that Jesus was God, certainly in the new and true rendering it contains no such intimation.

In the revised version the word atonement no longer appears in the New Testament. The word predestination is gone. The word damnation is changed to judgment.

There are many other changes generally in the direction of a broader and more liberal theology. However, I do not care to stop to point them out. What interests me most is not any specific change here or there, and not any doctrinal teaching of this kind or that; but the great central fact of the revision itself—the evidence it gives that biblical scholarship is advancing and that the example that it sets before the world of a great body of scholars representing all the leading Christian denominations working together for many years in perfect harmony and with unfailing zeal and devotion to give to the people a better version of the Bible.

Let us not think, however, that the final goal is reached in this revised version, even in the last and much improved edition given out by the American Revision Committee in 1901. Something better still is needed. What do I mean? I mean that what we have is not a new translation, but a revision, and a revision can be only a compromise.

The new version is the best that the scholars of the world can give us.

The committee of scholars who made the revision were weighted from the beginning by the rule laid upon them that no change could be made from the authorized version in any particular without the agreement of two-thirds of the committee. This rendered it certain that hundreds and hundreds of words and passages which ought to be changed, would not be because, in a large and very conservative committee, a two-thirds vote could not be secured. Thus, as I said, the revision that we have is a compromise. It is far from being the best possible English rendering of the improved Hebrew and Greek texts now in our hands. The want still remains for a translation, the best that the scholarship of the world can give us.

I am not sure but that such a translation is now being made. Where? In what is popularly known as the Polychromed Bible. Still, do you know the Polychromed Bible? Still, do you know the joint enterprise of a large number of the leading biblical scholars of America, Great Britain, and the continent of Europe, under the editorial direction of Professor Paul Haupt of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md. Half a dozen or more of the books of the Old Testament are already out. Persons desiring to examine it can find it in the Public Library. It is to comprise the whole Bible. It is based upon the most thoroughly revised Hebrew and Greek text, and it is a translation which aims to turn the original, without compromise, into the most perfect possible modern literary English. It is a work for scholars, but it is also a work for the people. When it is finished there will no longer be any excuse for anybody not making himself intelligent about the Bible.

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Let us not think, however, that even this is our final goal. Something else we want in connection with the Bible besides an adequate translation. We want carefully edited, abridged editions for general use. The Bible in its entirety is too large for the use of anybody—indeed, for scholars and the student. What proportion of the people ever read it through? Sunday schools jump about in it, and study small parts here and there, but are confused and baffled by the vast amount of matter which it contains. Ministers read only limited portions of it in their pulpits. Its very size makes it a discouraging book to those who would become acquainted with it. The character of much of its contents makes it still more discouraging. Many parts have no practical interest to the ordinary man or woman or child of to-day—for example, the long genealogies, the many and elaborate laws and regulations which we find in its pages concerning the priesthood, and sacrifices and offerings, and religious rites and ceremonies; the accounts which it contains of cruel and bloody wars; many things in the prophetic books which were merely transient and local, and which to-day it is difficult for us to understand. Some parts of the Old Testament are morally objectionable; some parts are of such a nature that they cannot be read before a mixed audience. Some years ago George Francis Train was put into the Tombs Prison in New York for publishing, without note or comment, and circulating, certain portions of the Old Testament. Can any reasonable man doubt that such a book could be improved for general use by judicious excisions? Has not the same come when ought to be set out scholars earnestly to the task of compiling editions of the Bible which shall contain the best of its history, the best of its literature, and the best of its moral and religious teaching, and which shall omit what is objectionable and outgrown? And then ought we not to place these everywhere in our pulpits, our Sunday schools, and our homes? Does any thoughtful person doubt that the result would be good in every way? Thus, we should purify our religious ideals. We should remove serious obstacles out of the path of the moral education of our children (for many of whom the Old Testament is a hindrance to their education). We should close the lips of skeptics who now point (and it must be confessed, not without reason) to much that is in the Bible and say with scorn: "So this is your perfect and infallible Word of God, is it?"

There is another important matter which ought to be thought about in this connection. Exactly such abridged and expurgated editions of the Bible as I am suggesting are what our missionaries ought everywhere to carry to the non-Christian peoples among whom they labor. All missionaries laboring among peoples of any considerable intelligence find that much in the Old Testament is a hindrance to their work. Thoughtful minds among the heathen are quick to recognize stories that are absurd, as that of the ass speaking, and equally quick to notice those that are coarse or brutal or morally low, as the accounts of the bloody wars found in the books of Joshua and

House Founded 1785
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Finest Quality Champagne Produced
Walter R. Wonham & Sons, Montreal, Agents.



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Decorative Grilles and Interior Hardwood Fittings.

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Toronto. Phone M. 553

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REPORT OF DIRECTORS.

Presented at the Sixth Annual Meeting of Shareholders, held at the Head Office of the Company, the McKinlay Building, Toronto, on Tuesday, the seventh day of February, 1905.

Your Directors have pleasure in presenting their sixth Annual Report and Financial Statement of the Company's business for the year ending 31st of December, 1904, as duly certified by the auditors.

The Premiums for the year ending 31st of December, 1904, less rebates for cancellation, \$394,420 88

Interest on the Company's Investments 5,218 84

Total Income 400,254 22

The Company's net income for the year 1904, after deducting all reinsurance, was \$310,886 50. Showing an increase of premium income on the underwriting account over the year 1903 of \$46,483 80.

The unadjusted losses at the 31st of December, 1904, amounted to only \$2,378 00, of which \$863 28 was covered by reinsurance.

The Company's net loss for the year amounts to \$318,204 08, including all unadjusted losses.

You will note the very small amount of unadjusted and unpaid losses at the 31st of December. All claims against the Company have been promptly paid on adjustment.



Brief Bags

When you see a man carrying a very fine Julian Sale bag it does not mean that it was expensive—the chances are he paid less for it than if he had bought a poorly finished bag. Here is what we offer in Brief Bags:

For \$5

We give the regular 18-inch size in the finest natural grain leather, sewed in frame, with trimmings that will not tarnish. Heavy leather lining.

For \$6

An 18-inch size, wider than usual and heavy frame.

For \$7

An 18 inch size, wider and deeper than usual, with heavy frame.

No charge for gold lettering.

We pay express charges on all goods in Ontario and mail our handsome Catalogue "S" free.

Julian Sale
Leather Goods Co Limited
105 KING ST. WEST.



MAKERS OF PIANOS FOR 50 YEARS
Ever admired—never disappointing
is the
HEINTZMAN & CO.

BABY GRAND PIANO

To-day this particular make graces the homes of Canadians of culture in all parts of the Dominion.

It is a noble instrument endowed with a beautiful, penetrating volume of varified tone and a touch mechanism that meets every dynamic shade or accent.

"Possesses unique musical characteristics that give it a distinctive place among the great pianos of the world." —Burmeister.

Piano Salon: 115-117 King St. W.
Toronto.

TAYLOR'S HEADACHE COLOGNE
ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

SHEA'S THEATER
Marion Daily, 13
WEEK FEB. 13
Evenings 8 & 10

First appearance in Toronto this season of

THURSTON

The World's Master Magician.

LEW HAWKINS

The Chesterfield of Minstrelsy

Julia Kingsley & Nelson Lewis
present "Her Uncle's Niece."

STEELY, DOTY & COE

Music and Comedy

Melville and Stetson

With New Songs and Stories

KLEIN & CLIFTON

Grotesque Dancers

FERRELL BROS.

Comedy Cyclists

The Kinetograph

All New Pictures

SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION

LES FRERES DE KOE

The Greatest Gymnasts in the World

WANTED—By gentleman, single room with board preferred, convenient to Queen and Yonge streets. State terms which must be moderate when replying to Business B5.

Kings, and the tales about Samson in the book of Judges, and much else. A Bible with these objectionable parts left out would be much more readily received, and would have a much better influence. Ulfila, the great *Ulfila*, missionary of the fourth century, who introduced Christianity among the Goths. When he came to translate the Bible into their language omitted the book of Kings. "These people love war too well already," he said; "why should I put into their hands, as word of God, books which will stimulate the warlike spirit still more?" Bishop Colenso when he translated the Bible into the language of the Zulus in South Africa, left out certain Old Testament books for the same reason. He dreaded their moral effect upon the Zulu people. It is a pity that missionararies generally do not exercise equal wisdom. It is a pity that missionararies in publishing Bibles for use in non-Christian lands, are not wise and Christian enough to prepare abridged editions, containing all that is valuable and uplifting in the Bible, and leaving out those parts which will do no good, but only harm.

One thing more. After providing ourselves with the best translation of the Bible that scholarship can give, for the use of laymen, and those who have time and inclination to study, the thirty-nine books of the Old Testament and the twenty-seven of the New in their complete form, and after having provided ourselves with carefully prepared abridged editions which keep all that is best and cast out what is questionable and outgrown, for use everywhere in our own land and for missionary use in foreign lands, then one further step we must take. We must do our duty to our God by adding to the fact that God is not dead, that in aspiration that is not confined to Palestine or to times thousands of years ago, but that the Holy Spirit of Truth and Love is as much in the world to-day as in any past age, and that to all who will hear, the Divine Voice speaks as truly as it spoke to Isaiah or Paul or Jesus. The universal and the awful danger connected with all sacred books is that they tend to banish God into the past, and to create in men the impression that they are the last vestiges of the divine revelation in those ancient writings. Better all sacred books were burned than that they should thus make God an absentee, and dry up the fountains of present inspiration in human souls. We must understand that if much in the Bible is literature of inspiration, it is equally true that we have literature of inspiration to-day. We recognize this in our hymns and in when we thought we must sing in our public worship only Old Testament psalms. Now we sing hymns written in our own times, and find them no less uplifting, no less full of the power of the Holy Spirit, than the lyrics of ancient Israel. If present inspiration can give us hymns which we find true word of God, why can it not give word of God in other forms? The time is coming when, in our pews and at our lectures, side by side with God's Scriptures of the old-time, we shall also receive with God's Scriptures of to-day, great living messages of truth and love, of hope and faith, of warning and cheer and moral power, from prophets of righteousness, whom God has sent to our modern world. Shame on us if we are such infidels that we can find no scriptures written this side of New Testament times, when God has sent to us such prophets and saints and inspired teachers as Frederick Robertson and Stanley and Phillips Brooks and Whittier and Emerson and Edward Everett Hale. We cannot believe too much in the inspiration of the past. But our greatest need is to believe in God's inspiration to-day, and to open our eyes and our souls to this:

"What art thou, That with thy Idol-volume's covers two Wouldst make a jail to coop the living God?"

Thou hearst not well the mountain organ-tones. By prophet ears from Hor and Sinai caught,

Thinking the cisterns of these Hebrew brains Drew dry the springs of the All-Knowers thought.

God is not dumb that he should speak no more;

If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness, And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;

There towers the mountain of the All-Knowers thought.

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SOCIETY

RS. GEOFFREY BOYD, 167 Bloor street east, will receive again this season.

Mrs. Arthur Steele and Miss Beatrice Steele sailed on Tuesday on the German Lloyd steamer *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, for Germany.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized on Tuesday at noon at St. Paul's Church, Bloor street east, by the Rev. Canon Cody, between Mr. A. G. C. Dimnick, and Miss Alice L. Benson, youngest daughter of the late William Benson. Mr. and Mrs. Dimnick left on the 20th C.P.R. train for New York and will spend their honeymoon in Florida and the Bahama Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Burton are now settled in their new house, 153 Roxborough street east. Mrs. Burton will receive on the second and fourth Mondays of each month.

Miss May Wheaton is in Berlin, the guest of Miss Knell.

Rev. W. A. Justin, M.A. (who is well known in Toronto), rector of St. Mark's Church, Port Hope, sails to-day from New York on the *Arabie* for a three or four months' cruise in the Mediterranean, also visiting the Holy Land, Egypt, Spain, Italy and Greece, returning by way of England. Rev. J. S. Holab will take charge of St. Mark's during the rector's absence.

Mrs. May of Belleville is visiting Mrs. F. J. Roy, 21 Rusholme road.

Mrs. Scott-Raff, a very artistic woman and leader in elocutionary matters, gave what was aptly called a "twilight recital" in the newly completed oak-room of Mr. T. Eaton's handsome home in Lowther avenue. There was only the most subdued light, and the glow of firelight to illuminate the room, and guests were shown to their seats by the Misses Eaton, daughters of Mrs. E. V. Eaton, Miss Iris Burnside, Miss Greta Burden and little Dorothy Raff, who acted the part of ushers in a graceful and apt manner. The effect of the dim light room, the beautifully-rendered recitations, and the generally restful and peaceful atmosphere, was most delightful.

Mrs. Arthur Forbes Barclay (née Sinclair) will receive for the first time since her marriage at her mother's home, 112 Seaton street, on Monday afternoon, February 13. Mrs. J. Campbell Sinclair of Buffalo will receive with Mrs. Barclay.

Mrs. Harry B. Stirling, formerly Miss Mae Slaght, will receive for the first time since her marriage on the third and fourth Tuesdays of this month at 6 Pembroke street.

Rev. Egerton Ryerson returned from missionary work in Japan on the last Friday in January and is with his people in Cecil street for a holiday. Many pretty little souvenirs of his residence in the Flower Kingdom have found their way to the hands of Toronto friends.

The Strolling Players' Club will have one of its leading spirits back again this afternoon. Mrs. Bickford was missed during her trip to the South.

Mr. Stanhope Williams of Stanley Barracks left last week for Port Hope. Mr. Tiffany Macklem, now a cadet of R.M.C., is spending a short while with his people in Rosedale.

Dinners, as usual, were on at the Hunt Club last Saturday, and plenty of snowshoe teas and ski luncheons are on at all the out-of-town resorts, which it is hoped will not be interfered with by a thaw.

Mrs. George Hamilton, formerly of Toronto, is achieving great success as a vocalist in Paris, where she recently sang at a concert and was greatly applauded.

A correspondent writes: "The 48th Highlanders' Sergeants' Mess first annual ball, held at McConkey's on Friday, February 3, was an unqualified success, and from a social point of view should replace the annual dinner usually given by the sergeants. The programme was somewhat different from most of the ball programmes of to-day, as it contained Scotch reels and Highland schottische dances to the skirl of the bagpipes. The grand march was another feature. The committee deserve great credit, for the arrangements were complete in every respect. The committee were: Hospital-Sergeant Daniel Ross, chairman, Sergeant T. H. Banton, secretary, Sergeants Simpson, Roe, Latrimoule, Elliott and Armstrong. Among those present at the dance were: His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Elise Clark, Colonel and Mrs. John I. Davidson, Colonel and Mrs. W. C. Macdonald, Major D. M. Robertson, Major and Mrs. Hendrie, Major Duncan Donald, Major Michie, Miss Michie, Captain Cosby, Miss Melvin Jones, Captain Harbottle, Captain Brooks, Lieutenant Wilson, Mrs. Wilson, Surgeon-Captain D. King Smith, Miss Smith, Sergeant-Major Kirkness, Mrs. Kirkness, Hospital-Sergeant Daniel Ross, Mrs. Ross, Miss Jackson, Color-Sergeant W. H. Grant, Mrs. Grant, Sergeant-Major Borland, Mrs. Borland, Sergeant-Major Brook, Sergeant-Major Oxby and Mrs. Oxby of Bradford, Sergeant-Major Pilton, 91st of Hamilton, and Mrs. Pilton, Sergeant-Major Medhurst, Mrs. Medhurst, Miss Davis, Staff-Sergeant Parkhill, 13th Regiment, Hamilton; Staff-Sergeant Ryker, 19th Regiment, St. Catharine; Staff-Sergeant W. D. Davidson, Mrs. Davidson, Quartermaster-Sergeant Williams, Mrs. Williams, Staff-Sergeant F. W. Davidson, Mrs. Davidson, ex-Staff-Sergeant Dougald Henderson, Mrs. Henderson, Miss Henderson, Color-Sergeant Alex Anderson, Mrs. Anderson, Color-Sergeant Roberts, Miss Roberts, Sergeant L. A. Elliott, Mrs. Elliott, Sergeant T. H. Banton, Mrs. Banton, Miss Perrin, Sergeant Latrimoule, Mrs. Latrimoule, Sergeant I. SMEAL, Mr. SMEAL, Miss SMEAL, Sergeant K. Simpson, the Misses Simpson, Sergeant A. Sinclair, Miss Gladstone, Sergeant Roe, Sergeant Wilkinson, Sergeant Spears, Sergeant S. Brechin, Mrs. Brechin, Sergeant Darwin, Sergeant Cotterill, Staff-Sergeant Ross, O.R.O.; Dr. and Mrs. Kennedy, Staff-Sergeant Andrews, A.M.; Q.M.S. MacDonald, R.G., Sergeant Clarke.

"A startling book." —THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN.

"Sure to create a sensation." —LOS ANGELES TIMES.

Price One Dollar, at the Methodist Bookroom, the Church Bookroom, the Baptist Bookroom, Albert Britnell's, Yonge street, Toronto, Can., and all bookstores for \$1.00 post-paid from

Rev. Father Crowley
A Catholic Priest of the Archdiocese of Chicago.

This book sounds a mighty warning to the American people to stand by the public schools without flinching." —THE EXAMINER, N.Y.

"AN APPALLING ACCOUNT OF PRIESTLY GRAFT, SACRILEGE AND IMMORALITY." —THE CANADIAN BAPTIST.

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Author and Publisher, Sherman House, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

Miss Meyers, Mr. F. Borsh, Mrs. Borsh, and others."

The laggards who have not yet secured their invitations for the Royal Canadian Yacht Club ball, now only a week and a half away, will do well to send in their applications immediately in order to save themselves from disappointment. The Invitation Committee report that the lists are almost filled, and the prescribed limit of 500, which will be rigidly adhered to, will soon be reached. The Invitation Committee is the only one which has not completed its work. All arrangements have been made for catering, decoration, music and the many other details which go to make the ball a success.

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